

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE WONDER OF A LITTLE LORRY

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MAN AND THE ICEBERG

WILL HE BE ABLE
TO MELT IT?

Hope of Setting Free the Great
Frozen Trade Route of Canada

SCIENCE HAS THREE IDEAS

One of the new scientific ideas is that the freezing of trade waterways during the winter months may soon become a thing of the past.

After one of the severest winters on record the St Lawrence River, Canada's great trade route, remained blocked until April 26, when two vessels, a Greek steamer from an Argentine port and a steamer from Port Talbot, Wales, helped by Government icebreakers, reached Montreal.

Meanwhile the course of British trade with the Dominion had been deflected so as to avoid the choked waterway.

Science and Industry

Science, however, once more has come to the aid of industry, and Canadian experts prophesy an early doom to the nuisance which is caused by the recurrent freezing of the river.

Experts from McGill University, with the assistance of the Dominion Government, have for some years now been studying the problem of ice very closely. Their experiments have meant long watches of the movement of currents, the formation of flocs, and the reaction of ice to treatment by chemicals of all kinds. Now it is believed they have found a way to abolish ice for good.

As long ago as 1930 they were ready for a demonstration of their methods, and Dr Howard T. Barnes, one of the pioneers in the research, who has many times shown his resourcefulness in such matters, was able to free a ship which had become frozen in the graving dock at Quebec. On this occasion Dr Barnes used a high-pressure pump fitted with a hose. From this he sprayed a chemical solution on to the ice.

Within the space of three minutes the frozen sheet began to break up and the ship soon made its escape.

Two Simple Principles

The scientists based their research on two simple principles—the difference between fluid and frozen water, which amounts to only the fraction of a degree, and the fact that, once the lines of weakness in any ice formation have been discovered and broken into, the natural currents of the water itself will do the rest.

Now they are developing three distinct systems of ice destruction. One is the spraying of the ice by thermite, a compound of aluminium and iron oxide which is capable of giving off enormous heat. Its particles not only penetrate the ice, but release volumes of hydrogen gas which weaken the ice-structures

Marigold



A portrait of Marigold Bridgeman by I. M. Cohen in the Royal Academy Exhibition which opened this week. Other pictures are shown on page 12.

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at vital points and in this way enable the water beneath to break through its own prison.

The second method is the use of calcium chloride and carbide, the one melting the surface and the other creating acetylene gas, the process resembling the laying of a charge of dynamite in a tunnel previously dug by a sapper.

The third method is one for adoption in the case of emergencies and involves the dropping of chemical bombs from the air.

Should the scientists be wholly successful future generations will be able to carry on their trade with Canada's inland ports without being impeded by frozen waters. No more will a Titanic go down before an iceberg, for even great bergs will disappear before the onslaughts of diminutive boats armed with deadly sprays. Confronted with these developments one may say that the greatest works of Nature are being dissolved in test-tubes.

FIGURES TO CHEER US UP

If we want a well-balanced picture of recent progress in industry we may turn to the figures comparing insured workers with unemployment.

Most of our manual workers are insured against unemployment, the chief exceptions being those in agriculture and domestic service. We get the following contrasts:

March	Insured	Unemployed
1931 ..	12,380,000	2,583,000
1932 ..	12,572,000	2,707,000
1933 ..	12,595,000	2,819,000
1934 ..	12,665,000	2,160,000

So, with 285,000 more to find work for than in 1931, our unemployed in March this year were 423,000 fewer. The comparison with 1933 is even more favourable.

We are, however, still left with an army of unemployed which would startle us if we saw it march past.

A SMALLER AMERICA?

Slowing-Down of Its
Growth

END OF THE GREAT RISE IN U.S.A. POPULATION

These are startling days, but could anything be more surprising than that America, the land of great things and great boasts, should begin to shrink? The Biggest Yet may yet begin to fall.

The United States has now a population of roundly 126 million people.

The figure seems large, but the area of the nation is enormous, and the population per unit of area amounts to only 40 for a square mile.

Massachusetts has fewer people than L.C.C. London. Ohio has fewer than Greater London. Virginia has under three millions; California under four. Even Pennsylvania, rich in natural resources, has only nine millions.

America and Europe

While America has only 40 people to the square mile Europe has 130. This is the more remarkable when we consider the wonderful natural resources of the United States.

In the past America increased very rapidly by immigration from every part of the world. In the first ten years of this century she received 5,600,000 immigrants. Now she has almost banned immigration. Never again are we likely to see the old gain of people.

1790 ..	3,900,000
1850 ..	23,200,000
1900 ..	76,000,000
1920 ..	105,700,000
1934 ..	126,400,000

In about 15 years the population will be stationary and thereafter there may be decline.

The issue depends on American immigration policy. If America opens her doors freely, which is unlikely, the population will rise again. If she keeps her ports shut the population will begin to fall about 1960.

THE MESSENGER BEE

A German beekeeper has found a new use for bees. They are no longer to be mere honey-gatherers and wax-builders, but messengers!

He has written messages on scraps of paper and fastened them to the backs of bees.

The bees have quickly brought them back to the hive, and never has a bee failed to deliver the goods.

The beekeeper, Herr Bernhard Guehler, says bees are less likely than pigeons to fall into the wrong hands. But are they not more likely to wound the right ones?

Brave as Secret Service Agents may be (especially in books) we do not believe they are brave enough to carry bees in their pockets; and we think that only Herr Guehler is clever enough to fasten messages to an insect.

A DREAM IS COMING TRUE

ONE MORE FINE THING FOR SUSSEX

The Story of the Opera House at Glyndebourne

DOING SOMETHING GOOD WITH LIFE

While great pageants are being staged for thousands of spectators at Runnymede and in the Albert Hall a small and perfect Opera House is getting ready to open its doors in unique circumstances at Glyndebourne near Lewes.

Music-lovers find with delight that it starts its career on May 28 with a Mozart Festival of twelve performances. Herr Fritz Busch is to conduct, and members of the Busch Quartet will lead the orchestra. The producer is from the Charlottenburg Opera House, Berlin. The fortunate will flock down into Sussex to hear a marvellous production, tickets being had from the usual agents.

Worthy of Its Setting

But a greater work of art even than this performance is the Glyndebourne Opera House itself, which owes its existence to the goodwill and genius of Mr John Christie. Set amid the varied shapes of a country house of great dignity and charm the building has a mellow look already, and will soon belong to the scene.

For years Mr Christie has been collecting mellow bricks and tiles from various sources, so that when his Dream Opera House came true it should look worthy of its setting. Not far from it rise the gables of the Tudor mansion which is the core of the house, and these pleasant walls look at each other across 400 years of time and changing song.

Trees and Lawns

The blind wall of the Opera House, rising by the terrace, has been very cleverly designed, the base lines broken by three buttresses and a stepped course surmounted by a pedimented form which carries on the lines of the eaves of the other walls. On its mellow front fall the shadow of great trees, lawns roll away from it, and visitors will be able to wander among the woods and lakelets of the park.

One of the most alluring things about this little idyll of building and song is that it has grown up on the estate to the sound of local speech, the masons, carpenters, and mechanics all being of the estate or the neighbourhood, all working under the eye and inspiration of Mr Christie himself, who has been his own architect. For eighteen months the Opera House has been growing. Nothing but the best is good enough for its owner, and so he has planned an ambitious stage which will stand comparison with many West End theatres. It is bigger than St Martin's, for instance, and has a flawless equipment of lighting and stage facilities, some of the lighting effects being new to England and only in existence in one or two Continental theatres.

Seats For the Blind

It should be a happy place for people who sing and play and people who listen, especially for those blind people who are to be given four seats (a lovely idea, Mr Christie). These four seats are to be kept always for the blind.

The theatre seats 300, with a box for nine. The walls are beautifully panelled in natural wood; the main colour scheme is buff and the grey-gold which makes such an attractive background to face and dress.

Behind this marvellous little building is a delightful story. Mr Christie inherited Glyndebourne and a fortune from his father (who had been variously employed on estate work and on building organs) on the condition that

THE UGLY RIBBON ROAD

A WAY TO CHECK IT

Touch the Builders Through Their Pockets

A SAFETY-FIRST METHOD

One of the great road problems of today is what is known as the Ribbon Development around our towns.

Investigations into the numbers of accidents have proved that half the deaths of pedestrians take place in built-up areas, and hundreds of children are killed by running blindly from their houses through front doors which actually open into the street.

The arterial roads have been built to enable traffic to proceed speedily from one town to another, but they are being used by the owners of the wayside property and builders for erecting houses alongside them. It is much cheaper to provide houses where a road is built and drainage laid down than where the builder has to lay out his own roads, and so comes about this ribbon development out of towns, such a blot on the countryside, and so dangerous to all who inhabit the houses built.

A Simple Solution

Governments have tried more or less to encourage the building of satellite towns rather than the mile-long ribbons, but until some definite step is taken to make it not worth while for builders to construct such houses the evil will persist.

A simple solution has now been suggested. It is that the local authority should be empowered to charge a fee for the privilege of building any house within a certain distance of an arterial road. This fee would be the difference between the cost of building a house beside the main road and that of building it on a side road.

The community has built the arterial roads for public benefit and not as a subsidy to builders of houses.

As a matter of fact, a contribution such as is proposed for the privilege of building on an arterial road would be no more unfair than the principle already recognised in the Planning Act of 1932, under which 75 per cent of the increased value given to property under the planning scheme can be recovered from its owner. It would not then be cheaper to build on the main highway, and we might begin to see the end of this unsocial practice.

Continued from the previous column

he did something useful with his life. He began by being a science master at Eton for 13 years. He developed the estate on the lines of a medieval foundation so that it had its own colony of masons, woodcarvers, ironworkers. He had inherited his father's love of music and interest in the technique of instruments, and most of his travels led him to places where music could be enjoyed.

Then he developed a great love of opera and became a close student of its history, traditions, and technique. Like most Englishmen he girded against the conditions of opera in England; and instead of saying why does not somebody do something, he started doing something himself.

Mr Christie feels that there might be some hope for opera in England if it were done on different lines, if instead of a great mass unsatisfactorily given to the public there should be one or two operas perfectly produced and performed. A fortnight of music, then a hush, then more. That is why he is starting with a Mozart Festival, and he has raked Europe for the best singers and musicians.

It is not given to every man to do something useful and big and attractive at the same time, and the C.N. welcomes the lovely new Opera House and wishes Mr Christie every success in fulfilling his own dream. Pictures on page 7

CANTERBURY'S ACTS OF REMEMBRANCE

Two Every Day

SHIP'S BELL IN THE CATHEDRAL

A ship's bell is to be struck every day in Canterbury Cathedral in memory of all the men and boys in the Navy who gave their lives in the war.

The idea came to Captain Paul Irven as he was talking to his son on the deck of the Repulse, anchored off Sheerness. Suddenly the sound of six bells, struck on H.M.S. Canterbury, came floating across the sea, and his mind went to Canterbury Cathedral and then to that sister shrine in London, Westminster Abbey, with its memorial to the Unknown Warrior, representative of every soldier who fell in the war. Why should not the Navy have a permanent memorial as well? And what shrine more appropriate than Canterbury Cathedral, so near to Dover and Chatham and Sheerness? The Canterbury had been named after Kent's famous cathedral city, and the bell whose notes he had just heard would be a memorial which every seaman would understand.

So Captain Irven obtained the consent of the Admiralty for the placing of the ship's bell in the cathedral, where it will be dedicated on June 9 and struck each day thereafter by a naval pensioner.

Already a soldier enters the cathedral to perform a symbolical act of remembrance to all the soldiers of the Buffs Regiment who fell in the war. He turns over a page of the regiment's roll of honour in the Warriors Chapel.

LONDON DIGNIFIED AND BEAUTIFUL

Guarding a Processional Way

The Committee appointed to advise the Crown Lands Office on the subject of Carlton House Terrace and the Mall has issued a unanimous Report which confirms the views of all who respect the dignity that should be London's.

The Report declares that private enterprise must yield to the claims of a dignified appearance, and that business, even if it is prepared to pay for them, should not always have the best sites. Carlton House Terrace, for example, is an essential part of our great Processional Way, and must be developed with regard to that Way. Its buildings should be restricted to private houses or official residences, but new blocks of flats, offices, and hotels should be prohibited.

No unified scheme for the rebuilding of the Terrace could occur before 1961, when a harmonious plan for rebuilding, if that was decided on, should be adopted. At whatever cost piecemeal building must be avoided.

The Report advocates the preparation of a town-planning scheme to include all the property between the Green Park and the Haymarket and from Piccadilly to St James's Park. This is a most important suggestion, for only by foresight and planning can London acquire a dignity worthy of her greatness.

JAPAN AND CHINA

The future policy of Japan in her relations with China has recently been the subject of international discussion. Speeches by Japanese officials and ambassadors suggested that Japan was aiming at a kind of Monroe Doctrine for the East, and especially at a controlling hand in Chinese affairs.

Both the British and the American ambassadors asked Mr Hirota, the Japanese Foreign Minister, what was the meaning of those declarations. Mr Hirota has replied that Japan has no intention of infringing the Nine-Power Pact, under which the nations agreed to respect the integrity of China and that policy of the Open Door whereby each and all were free to negotiate and trade with China.

THE MAD, MAD WORLD

Putting a Ban On Trade Everywhere

AUSTRALIA'S SAD OUTLOOK

Australia finds herself driven to put a limitation on her exports.

Able to produce abundantly to serve a world that needs serving, she finds markets shut to her. Even the Mother Country will soon no longer offer her an open port.

Mr Bruce, the Australian Minister in London, says Australia must now face a Standstill. She will find it necessary to limit her wheat exports to 100 million bushels.

As for her lamb and butter, the Motherland, determined to protect her own agriculture, will not take unlimited quantities, and Australia must therefore restrict exports. While a permanent policy of restriction is one of despair, they have to face facts. They must expect the Home Country to regulate her import by reference to her need to export, but Australia would get a substantial preference because she offered a potential future home for the Motherland's surplus population. So says Mr Bruce.

A Way Out

Thus country after country joins in the general policy of curbing trade, each seeing nothing for it but to cut down the sources of wealth.

There is surely a way out—at least, for the British Empire. Why should not the British Government at once promote British agriculture and buy Empire produce? It could set up Import and Supply Boards to buy Australian butter at one price and British butter at a higher price, and sell the whole at an average price which would at once serve the British consumer, the British producer, and the Australian producer.

THE CYCLIST'S PATCH

One in Four of the Population on a Cycle?

An official estimate places the number of pedal cyclists at ten millions, or about one in four of our entire population.

One M.P. is continually girding at cyclists in Parliament; but many cyclists have obeyed the new law before Parliament has passed it.

The Bill has a clause compelling cyclists to paint a white patch on their rear mudguards. Tens of thousands of cyclists already sport the white patch, which, with a good reflector, should prove effective; but it would be better still if Parliament compelled cyclists to carry a red rear-light.

Last year 555 pedal cyclists were killed and 23,243 were injured. Do we realise it?

THINGS SAID

A National Theatre must be flesh and blood, not bricks and mortar.

Mr Bridges Adams

England is going blackcoat much faster than she is going blackshirt.

Mr G. D. H. Cole

I want to save the pedestrian, even if it is his fault. Minister of Transport

Even when poetry means what it says it means much more than it appears to say.

Mr Basil de Selincourt

There are parts of the highlands where no petrol is supplied on Sunday except for a journey to church.

Mr Seton Gordon

When you take your seat at the driver's wheel you assume a responsibility for the safety of the lives of others for which no precautions can be too great.

Admiral Barry Domville

THE KING TAKES A RIDE · A LONDON MAGNOLIA IN BLOSSOM



The King on a White Horse—A picture taken at Windsor on a sunny afternoon



A London Magnolia—The glory of a magnolia tree in blossom in the gardens of the Temple, near the C.N. office. See page 6

RICHARD MARTIN FRIEND OF ANIMALS The Man Who Gave His Name To an Act of Parliament MOCKED FOR HIS KIND HEART

It is a hundred years ago since Richard Martin died, having given his name to the first Act of Parliament to protect animals. This Act he introduced on May 7, 1822, and that is why we keep Animal Welfare Week at the beginning of May. We give here an account of his struggles to do away with cruelty to animals in his day.

For years before he took his seat in Parliament as an Irish member others had striven and striven in vain to abate some of the cruelties to animals, such as bull-baiting, bear-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting, which were granted immunity under the name of sport.

Those who defended these cruelties by taking that name in vain were among the highest in the land, both in station and in repute. We may judge, then, how small the chances seemed that an unknown Galway squire, whom many of his adversaries affected to treat as a figure of fun, should succeed where they had failed.

Bill of Rights For Dumb Animals

The fact remains that Richard Martin was the one member of Parliament during the time he sat there who succeeded in placing on the statutes of English law a Bill of Rights for dumb creatures.

He was in Parliament a number of years before he saw an opportunity of introducing his Bill, which, perceiving that it would be well not to attempt too much at a time, he entitled a Bill to Prevent the Cruel and Improper Treatment of Cattle. It proposed that any person ill-treating "any horse, cow, ox, heifer, steer, sheep, or other cattle" should be liable to a penalty not exceeding £5.

Laughter in the Commons

One member said he could not see why the Bill should be confined to horses; he thought that asses should also be protected, and the Commons roared with laughter. Another member declared that he would not be surprised to find some other member proposing a Bill for the protection of dogs—"and cats," came from another member.

In spite of this ridicule of the Bill the Commons passed it, but the Lords threw it out. Next year Martin returned to the attack. He supported his newly-introduced Bill by many examples which indicated that there were other animals needing protection; especially he cited cruelties taking place at such resorts as the Westminster Pit, where dogs and monkeys were set to tear one another to pieces. Such was the vigour of his advocacy, added to the growing belief that something ought to be done, that the Bill passed the third reading. The Lords let it through without an amendment, and Martin's Act became law on July 22, 1822.

Origin of the S.P.C.A.

He was then in his 69th year, but he set himself to see that the Act was put into effect, engaging a private inspector and going himself into the markets and streets and summoning offenders. He was a kindly man, often enough he paid the fine, but he moved heaven and earth and the magistrates to see it inflicted. He was laughed at, but he made his point.

In 1824 he launched the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Animals, though he always gave the credit of its foundation to the Rev Arthur Broome. When the society fell into debt and Mr Broome, being held to be legally responsible, was imprisoned, Martin and Lewis Gompertz, the honorary secretary, found the money and secured his release. They must have been a strange trio, the clergyman of the Church of England, a man of the world with a great reputation as a fire-eater, and a

109 The Old Lady of Australia SHE FOLLOWED FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE TO THE CRIMEA

Mrs Harriet Scarfe, who was born in England on Christmas Day in 1824, has left the world at last, having passed away in Australia.

When she was 106 she decided that she could no longer go on milking her cow and doing the housework, but she lived for three years more, and Australia claimed her as its oldest woman.

During the Crimean War she met Florence Nightingale, and was so moved by her enthusiasm that she, too, sailed for the Crimea, only to arrive when the storming of Sebastopol made landing impossible.

She married and went to Australia, and we next hear of her and her husband on the goldfields of East Gippsland. When her husband died she opened a little store in a wooden hut at Hinno Munjie. One man who tried to rob her she sent off with a wound, which led to his capture by the police. She also caught a party of bushrangers for the police by selling them things from her store while the officers, who had been lying in wait in her bedroom, crept out and surrounded them.

Once she had to fly when some Aborigines would have attacked her at Eagle Point; but she swam across the Mitchell River and took shelter with other settlers. She married again, and when her second husband died she retired to a farm at Glengarry, near Traralgon, and there she has died, after as long and exciting a life as anyone could wish for.

BRIGHTER CARS New Idea For Safety

The campaign for Safety First has led to a suggestion that motor-cars should be painted in bright colours rather than in the dark blues, dark greens, and black so popular today.

The modern dark car is lost against the dark background of a country hedge, and even in a town it merges into the shadows of buildings on a dark night.

The modern motor-car, in fact, needs that protective coloration which naturalists class as "warning." There are many insects, such as the wasp, which Nature defends against their enemies by clothing them in brilliant yellows and bright greens to warn off birds which would otherwise snap them up. Among animals, too, the offensive skunk stands out boldly against its normal background. We also find in Nature that inoffensive insects mimic the colours of their evil-tasting or stinging cousins and are thus avoided by enemies.

Perhaps Man will be wise to take this lesson from Nature and paint his motor-cars with coloured patterns which will render them conspicuous.

Continued from the previous column

very benevolent and self-sacrificing Jew. In framing his Act Martin hoped to make bull-baiting illegal, but the fight for that was harder. Next year he tried to bring in a Bill to prohibit bull-baiting and dog-fights, but the Commons would have none of it. Nothing daunted he moved to bring in two Bills, one to extend to other animals the protection of his Act, and the second to prevent bear-baiting and other cruel practices.

Martin made one last effort, with a Bill to include the general protection of domestic animals, especially dogs. It failed, and now Martin was working against time. He was doomed to lose his seat in Parliament, through a ridiculous election petition, and it was nine years after he had left Parliament before the reform which he initiated was finally brought about.

In 1835 was passed the Act which protected all domestic animals, but Richard Martin was not there to see it; he died a year too soon.

ABUSE OF TRADE AND MONEY Finance Losing Public Credit AMERICA'S POLICY

From America comes an official attack on financial wrongdoing which again marks the determination of the Roosevelt Government to defend honest business against sham business and dishonest money-making.

The Secretary of State, Mr Cordell Hull, in a speech at New York raised two most important issues.

On the question of freer world trade and cooperation he said:

The movement toward extreme economic nationalism is choking international trade and spells disaster. It is all-important that this nation should combine with the present domestic programme a programme of international economic cooperation.

Insisting that dishonest finance must be ended, Mr Hull had this to say:

We want business recovery based on honest methods. In the past outrageous financial manipulation of the stock market and security flotations have stripped millions of people of their life-savings and left finance unworthy of public confidence; vile abuses, wild extravagance, far-reaching scandals and crimes, and many other violations of all ethics and honesty, have crept into the financial and economic affairs of the nation.

It is very good for the world when men in high places thus speak their minds.

HE WAS A MAN Homo Holmes

Homo is dead; not Homo Sapiens, but just Homo.

By that name the Papuans called the Rev J. H. Holmes, who spent 27 years among them as peacemaker and translator of the Gospel.

He has died in retirement, but he might well have died at the hands of head hunters, as his fellow-worker James Chalmers did. A very brave man was this missionary to primitive and blood-thirsty tribesmen.

He reduced many of their languages to writing. He translated the New Testament into Namau. Today Papua is far more civilised than it used to be, and part of the honour for that lies with the well-named Homo.

A GREAT THING SAID Tom Trimmell's Leg

Mr Thomas Trimmell of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who has died at 73, will be remembered as an eminent lawyer, but perhaps C.N. readers will like to remember him best as a good loser.

As a youth he was an ardent cricketer, but he was so severely injured in a railway accident that he lost a leg—and so lost cricket too. Instead of bemoaning himself after the amputation he merely said, *There goes another leg stump.*

A GOOD EXCHANGE

Every nation has in its archives documents of great world interest. Now, through the League of Nations, each country is to learn what of importance other countries have stored in public records.

The first exchange of such information, organised by the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation, is taking place between France and Italy.

Professor Georges Bourgin gave a series of lectures in March on the French archives, with particular reference to information of special interest to Italian historians.

In return Professor Casanova of Rome will visit Paris to speak on the Italian archives, with special reference to French history as recorded in Italian State papers.

CRUELTY ON THE SCREEN ANIMAL FIGHTS TO THE DEATH

Faked Sensations Provided To
Order and Untrue To Life

FILMS NOT TO SEE

Films showing duels to the death between wild animals are still being shown to the public in spite of protests by humane people and social reformers.

Experts in natural history have pointed out in vain that these films, purporting to have been taken in the jungle, are frequently not photographed there at all, but in some cage in which the animals have been goaded into fighting each other.

Animals in the wilds do not spend their time in fighting each other to death. Most of them rarely kill except to supply themselves with food, a practice to which all of us who are not vegetarians must plead guilty. But the film producer, eager to pile sensation on sensation, supplies battles between crocodiles and tigers, buffaloes and giant snakes, and even between a monkey and three giant crabs.

In the Roman Arena

We have long since forbidden by law exhibitions of bull-fights or cock-fights, and for two reasons: because there is cruelty to the animals and because they are debasing to the onlooker.

Sir Hesketh Bell, the Colonial administrator who has spent his life in East Indian islands and in the heart of Africa, knows a great deal about wild life at first hand, and he has written to The Times protesting against these artificial fights to the death, exposing them for what they are. He points out that fights between wild animals were the forerunners of the gladiatorial combats in the Roman arena, and asks whether we are approaching the day when film fans will be able to gloat over the spectacle of fights to the death between human beings.

Our British Board of Film Censors declares that it never licenses films which show evidence of cruelty, but in any case it needs to keep a stricter eye on these so-called jungle scenes.

KEEPING THE BALL ROLLING

An Old Man Finds a Bit of
Work To Do

It may not bring us in any money, but there is a bit of work waiting for all who care to look for it, if it is only a small friendly act such as the following, sent to us by a correspondent in the North of England.

Passing the Church School in Ashton-under-Lyne the other day I stopped for a minute to watch the children out at play, none of them looking older than seven.

The playground borders on the busy main road to Yorkshire, and is surrounded by a wall sufficiently high to keep the children in, but not the ball with which they were playing. Again and again it would fly over into the road, and as often as it did so I noticed an old man hasten to throw it back to the children.

"He seems used to that job," I commented to some men mending the road.

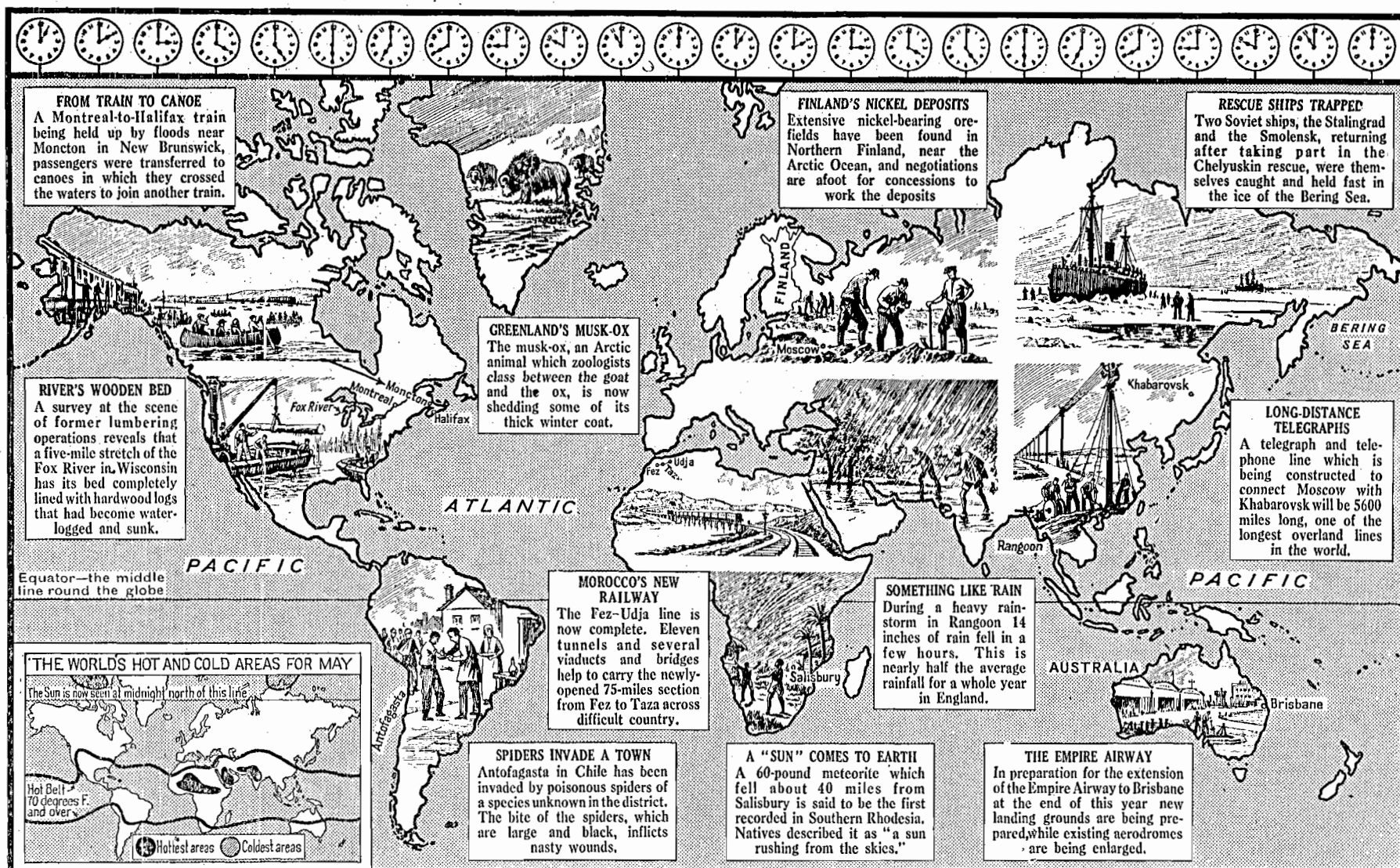
"Aye," replied one of them, "he comes round every day at playtime and does just that. Not so bad of the old chap, is it?"

BLIND SIGNALLERS

The York (King's Manor Group) of blind Boy Scouts are an exceptionally clever group.

They have just won the Northern Signalling Shield (Blind Section) by securing the maximum number of marks in a very severe test—50 out of 50.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE MAD CLOCK OF PALL MALL

Who Will Wind It Up?

Every year we celebrate the Mad Clock of Pall Mall, which now enters on its fourth year at 12 and 3.15.

Never was there such a double-faced timekeeper. We shudder to think of the number of people it has sent scurrying off to keep appointments hours ahead of time, and the number who, seeing its other face, have dawdled themselves late.

We were talking the other day of London statues which should be veiled rather than unveiled, and here is another poor thing which should be decently covered over till the day when the estate agents, or the owners of these empty offices, or the Westminster City Council do their bit to solve the unemployment problem by sending a man to wind up the Mad Clock of Pall Mall.

A PRESENT FOR THE KING

Fiji has sent to the King a set of her new coinage.

The natives will like their new penny and halfpenny pieces because nickel alloy has been substituted for copper, and the Fijians, who have the habit of carrying money in their mouths, will, we fancy, find nickel more to their taste than copper.

Another convenience of the new coins is that they have holes in the centre, so that they can be strung together either for decorative purposes or for private banking.

JUST IN THE RIGHT PLACE

It is not everyone who is as fortunate as Mrs Annie Wiles of Camp Fields, Leeds. She was cleaning an upstairs bedroom when, without warning, the floor gave way. She fell right through and landed in an armchair in the room below, scared, but none the worse for her startling experience.

THE GREAT FOG NUISANCE

One More Idea For the Airman

An ingenious method has been adopted for guiding aeroplanes to their landing-place in foggy weather at the Air Force school near Stamford.

Direction by wireless will bring the airman to a point above the aerodrome, but how to get through the belt of fog with safety is then his problem. In time of fog, therefore, a captive balloon is flown up in the clear air above the fog. On this are marked the direction and angle of the glide which will bring the airman down to the landing area.

Before he glides down the pilot drops a weight on the end of a wire from his aeroplane, and this weight is connected with a red lamp on his dashboard, so that immediately the weight touches the ground a red lamp will light up.

When the lamp lights the airman adjusts his controls into the landing position and the aeroplane touches the ground in safety.

THE TREES OF SAVOY STREET

Our note on the new little garden made in the old churchyard of the Savoy Chapel in London has called forth the following letter giving the point of view of someone who used to sit under its trees.

Last summer, when the Sun shone so fiercely on the Embankment Gardens, the seats under the great trees of the old churchyard were a real joy to the workers in the offices near. The great green boughs rose high and almost shut out the surrounding buildings.

Every autumn these trees provided temporary homes for thousands of migrating birds. How they will miss them! All the trees are gone except one or two straight lopped trunks. It seems to me a sin to cut down and destroy such noble trees in London.

ITALY AND HER SILK COCOONS

Why They Have a Bonus

So severely has the Italian silk industry felt the effects of Japanese competition that the silk mills of Italy had to suspend work this year.

An official statement says that, as the collapse of this industry would seriously affect the prosperity of large sections of the country, the Government has come to its assistance, and by decree a bonus is being paid on silk reeled from Italian cocoons.

This will ensure the reopening of the mills and enable the output to be placed on the export markets in which Japanese competition has been intensified.

TWOPENCE WELL SPENT

One of the staff of Leeds Infirmary the other morning was asked to pay a surcharge of twopence on a letter.

It bore a local postmark, and the receiver was inclined to grudge the twopence demanded. On opening the letter, however, he quickly changed his mind. It contained a mystery gift of 112 £1 notes and a scrap of paper on which was written: "Give this to your special fund." His outlay of twopence brought an immediate dividend of 13,440 times as much.

THANK YOU, MR HARKNESS

We much regret that in our recent account of the splendid work of the Pilgrim Trust we referred to its founder, Mr Edward Harkness, as though he were no longer with us.

It was a stupid slip, for we all well know that from his home in America the activities of Mr Harkness are still radiating good everywhere, and we are glad to be able to say Thank You to him for the wonderful help he has given to a troubled world.

NEW STATUES AT OXFORD

A Tribute To Great Churchmen

After being empty for three centuries the seven niches carved in the 15th century above the high altar in St Mary's, the University church of Oxford, have been filled with statues.

The new statues have been carved by Mr Edmund Burton, and have been placed in the church as a thankoffering for the Oxford Movement, whose centenary was held last year and with which this church is so intimately associated.

From the pulpit here John Keble preached the famous assize sermon on National Apostasy, which was the beginning of the Oxford revival, and from it Sunday by Sunday for 15 years Henry Newman, its vicar, spread his influence over scholars.

The central figure represents the Madonna, who stands between St Mary Magdalene and St John the Baptist. On the left are St Catherine and St Frideswide (patron saint of Oxford), and on the right are St Hugh of Lincoln and St Edmund of Abingdon.

A COBBLER'S SHOP COMES TO TOWN

Museum Piece From a Village

A cobbler's shop has come to town from the remote Warwickshire village of Honington, where for 200 years the same family had been making shoes and boots for the community.

All the equipment, which has changed little since the beginning of the 18th century, has been removed to the Bethnal Green Museum, where a small room has been arranged as a typical cobbler's shop. Almost all our footwear is today made by complex machinery, so the village shoemaker's shop is rapidly becoming a museum piece.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 12 1934

Too Small Ambitions

A MANCHESTER Councillor has been denouncing the poverty of thought and vision which has marked the building of homes for people of small means. He spoke of newly-built houses in which the biggest bedroom measured only 10 feet 6 inches by 9 feet and in which the smallest was a mere cupboard; and he went on to say a very true thing:

Blame yourselves! There is an inferiority complex about working-class housing that extends even to the workmen who build them.

The assumption that poverty is a necessary condition for the majority has become utterly false. It was once true, but science has made it obsolete. The Age of Plenty has dawned. It is in times when all might be well furnished with goods that men meet to discuss how to cut things down!

It is certain the world will never enjoy plenty until its people have become sufficiently educated to employ known means to their own advantage.

Of what do good houses and all other desirable material goods consist? The true answer is of the materials of the world's crust. Can these materials be garnered and carried in sufficient quantity for all people? The true answer is that engineers and scientists have invented a multitude of means, ranging from instruments to break soil and rock to locomotors and fast ships to carry products, and from machines to cultivate and spin and weave and blast and shape to miraculous ways of communication.

Having these things we are so modest in our use of them that the majority remain poor, without sufficient material goods or shelter to give them even a modest degree of comfort. As soon as the machines get to work they are slackened or stopped because there is no simple means whereby one machine's work may be exchanged for another machine's work, one man's scientific labour for another man's.

How is all this to be countered? How are men to learn what they might have?

There is no progress without what has been called holy discontent. That is a very different thing from the poor hope of winning a few pounds on a horse or dog race, or the false ambition of hoping to climb higher on the shoulders of others who remain poor. Holy discontent is one with the vision of scientific possibility and with the beautiful conception of a society using its great resources for the general good. Not until statesmen and councillors understand how much can be done will they attempt much.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Headlight Chair

FROM America comes an armchair with its own reading lights.

We read most easily when light is shed on our book or paper from behind us, and therefore this new chair is provided with two neat electric lamps fitted into wings at each side. We have only to press a button and we can read in perfect comfort.

We pass on the idea to our own furniture people.

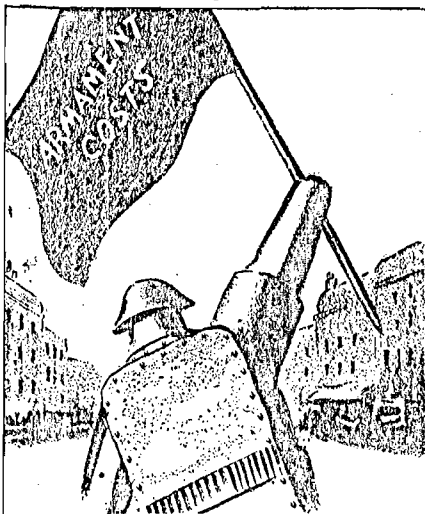
Safety For Pit Boys

MANY boys work in our coalmines, although few outside our mining villages know it.

We are glad, therefore, that the scheme known as the Yorkshire Safety Badge Scheme is making progress. It was started in Yorkshire in 1931 to train pit boys in their work and teach them how to protect their lives and limbs.

Between 5000 and 6000 boys are so trained in various centres, which is excellent; but how is it that our miners go unprotected by suitable clothing, helmets, boots, and so on?

Why does not the Home Secretary introduce a Miners Safety Bill compelling safety by well-known but neglected means?



Europe's Robot

Making Slums

WHILE boasts are made of the number of houses built since the war the manner of their building is nothing to boast of.

Slums are being made under our eyes; worse slums than the old ones because worse built. We gladly quote this note from Dr L. P. Jacks:

England's green and pleasant land is in process of becoming a jerrybuilder's paradise (which means that it will be a paradise for nobody else). Statistics which reveal only the quantity of houses erected but nothing of their quality reveal nothing to the purpose—if our purpose be the abolition of slums, mean streets, and shabby hells.

Will nobody vote for honest work on honest houses? inquires Dr Jacks. And so ask we.

Let the Dogs Bark

BY a new book on an old subject we are reminded of how De Lesseps, maker of the Suez Canal, faced heart-breaking opposition and won at last.

His advice on how to deal with such obstruction holds good today. The ignorant need enlightening, he said, but "as for the others, the sceptical, the hateful, the insulting, pay them no heed. An Arab proverb says 'Dogs bark; the caravan goes on.' I went on."

Tip-Cat

ONLY Spring tempts me to get out and walk, says a townsman. Or a broken-down motor-car.

A SCIENTIST thinks arms and legs will disappear from the human body. But this is carrying enomony too far.

ANOTHER big bicycle boom, says a headline. Small people will have to walk.

POSTCARDS have not been invented long. Only oblong.

SOME coal is all dust, complains a housewife. How fine!

BATHING-SUITS are to be made of wood pulp. Good for a stiff swim.

THE police are to have helmets fitted with radio sets. At any time they can put on the wireless.

AN Academy picture has been damaged by ink. The artist hoped to make a splash.

THE older generation claims to be wiser than the younger. And is expected to give it tips.

WHAT is it makes a man love his own fireside? Coal.

NEW boots for telegraph boys are put down as running expenses.

HABITS are difficult to break. Try dropping them.

CHEAPER watches are coming. With the spring.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

BLACKBURN unemployed have been given 20 acres of land by Mr William Birtwistle.

OVER 60,000 girls became Guides last year.

LEWIS JONES, 95, still teaches in a Welsh Sunday School.

BUNDLES of bank notes have been left on doorsteps of Carlisle charitable institutions.

JUST AN IDEA

It is nice to find people just as charming as they used to be—years afterwards.

The Magnolias in the Temple

THERE are five magnolias in flower in the Temple, on the lawn below Fountain Court. They look like bits of Paradise painted by the early Florentine painters as a background to their solemn saints. The blossoms, of a gleaming pale yellow, crystal clear against the bright emerald of the sward, almost drown the trees.

More than ever are we proud of London and in love with London when we look on tracts like these venerable gardens which any passer-by may see. Hundreds of people may never have seen a magnolia, but hundreds who have know that the magnolias in the Temple are blowing, and their rare beauty of the early summer must not be missed. "Have you seen the magnolias?" asked our paper-woman in Fleet Street, "they're a treat." It happened that we had just passed that way, but we should not have minded having the gate of heaven pointed out to us by that kind, rough voice.

The benchers of the Temple have the best of it, of course. They can go inside the railings and walk on that incredibly green lawn, and stand and look at the sky through the starry blossoms, as the sky should be seen. The rest of us look down on them from the terrace, and we are rewarded in moments of hot sunshine by the sweet lemony smell that comes from the flowers. But as no one has seen a magnolia who has not seen it by moonlight the residents of the Temple are the most to be envied, particularly those who look out on the world from their eyries behind the high windows in Fountain Court.

Hiding What the Government Does

A CORRESPONDENT travelling in Norfolk sends us this note:

The Norman tower of the 13th-century church of Rushall has a 500-year-old belfry looking down on a view which the Air Ministry has spoiled by not thinking enough about the position of its Wireless Telegraph Station. If we turn our backs on what the Government has done for us we look out across fields with lovely elms and chestnuts.

The church is in the middle of the village with a charming thatched cottage on the edge of the churchyard, and near by is an old farmhouse with a wet moat round it overhung with trees. Beyond is Langmere Green, and a stream that is lined with willows.

The nave of the ancient church was refashioned in the 15th century, and last century the reredos was made up from panels of the ancient screen discovered behind a pew. Four panels are carved with leaves and a small black and gold shield.

We like the picture of this little place, but why should we have to turn our backs on what the Government has done for this pleasant patch of the countryside? We have seen nothing more sad since we saw the shops selling Christmas gifts for hiding the telephone the Government gives us.

May 12, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

7

A FAMOUS SHOW TO SEE FOR THOSE WHO NEVER CAN SEE IT

Remarkable Exhibition of
Children's Things of All Ages
WHAT A WORLD IT HAS BEEN !

We are not surprised that Chesterfield House has been such a place of pilgrimage in the last week or two, for it is a stupendous exhibition which is set there, drawn from all ages and all quarters of the globe.

Its object is to help the Greater London Fund for the Blind; that is to say, these lovely things we shall want to see are to be seen for the profit of those who never can see them.

Here are the toys and tricks, the home furniture, of children of all ages, and a great mass of happy make-believe. Things that gave delight long ago are creating a new delight now, for it is quite clear that today is much better than any yesterday.

Chairs With a Story

Children and parents are going round smiling at the lovely things, and many collectors of rarities are feeling envious. The chairs alone, scattered through the various rooms, are a story in themselves: tall chairs, low chairs, carved, painted, embroidered chairs, pulpit chairs where a small child could sit and pretend to be anything, and thump, and preach from his desk, and then eat his dinner from it.

Some of these chairs are set by themselves, like the little chair from the Congo with four little boys carved on it; some form part of the furniture of a room arranged to show how good children learned music under the care of a beautiful lady in lavender and violet. Some are in the Bad Children's Schoolroom. Some are in the room where four and twenty life-size black-birds are coming out of the pie and startling the queen and king—it must be a king, for he has a little crown fastened carefully on.

Lent By the Queen

After the chairs we count up the first perambulators (lumbering things!) and the baby carriages, some as grand as the Lord Mayor's coach; and the hobby horses and rocking-horses. We see curious walking cages where babies about to come to the foot, as the old nurses used to say, were set to wriggle about and find their toes. There is a magnificent array of children's clothes of all ages which mothers will pore over, especially in the Royal Room, where stands a magnificent case of things lent by the Queen and presided over by the Queen's best-loved doll.

Surrounding the big and little things arranged in these splendid rooms are a great many pictures of children which make us feel very thankful that we live in the days of photography, that little ones are not tortured into absurd poses and attitudes in order to make a grand picture. The most pathetic and remarkable and woe-begone in the portraits of children of an earlier age are the two little Blunts painted by John Zoffany in the 18th century. Among these canvases the portraits by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney stand out, for they could paint happy, natural children, and we pause before them in delight.

A Delightful Note

A most attractive display of Chinese lacquer and mother-of-pearl screens strikes a delightful note amid the more realistic pictures. Here we see round-faced children playing balloon, chasing butterflies, watching a pair of reindeer walking straight out of a pear tree, it seems. Not far from these lovely panels are two by R. Anning Bell, R.A., showing saints attended by happy little singing boys.

As for the real part of the exhibition, the toys of all sizes, ages, and descrip-

HOW TO BE A TWIG

If you cannot be a tree be a twig; in other words, if you are not old enough to be one of the Men of the Trees join as a Junior Member, a Twig.

Twigs, who must be under 16, only pay 1s as annual subscription; but even the older ones have to pay only 5s a year to join this society, whose good work in getting new trees planted and protecting old ones we have often mentioned in the C.N.

They celebrate their tenth birthday at the annual meeting on May 31 at 5.30 in the Chelsea Physic Garden, and the annual report now out makes cheerful reading as regards the growth and activity of the society, though it starts with a sad obituary notice for all the old wooded estates broken up in 1933, mostly to pay death duties.

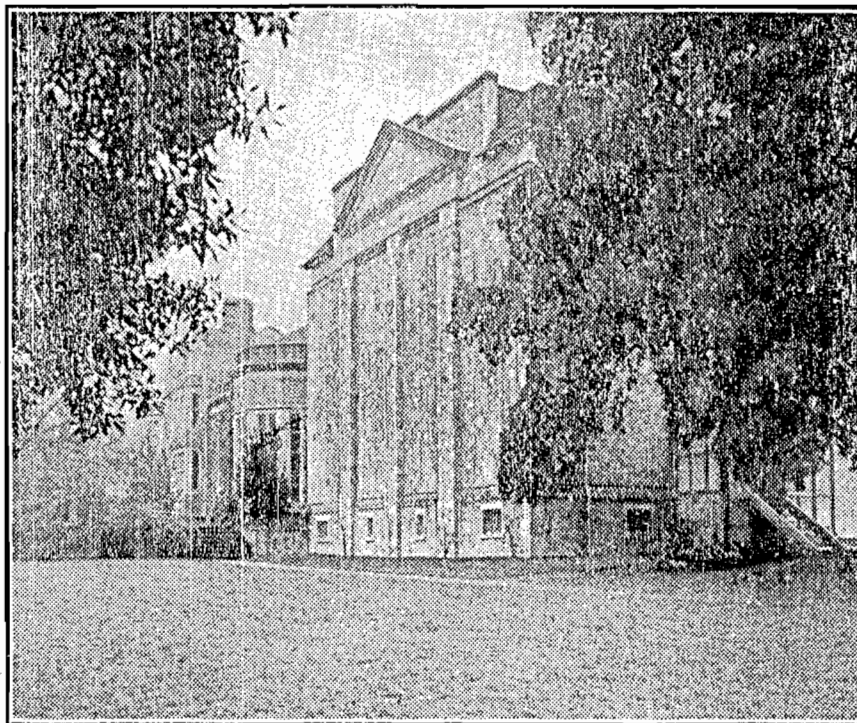
But as fast as trees are cut down these tree-lovers are busy planting others or persuading people all over the world to

plant them. The drought has come to help them to point the importance of forests in conserving water. Scorching roads and fields without shade for the farm animals also point the moral that he who cuts down a tree should plant another in its place.

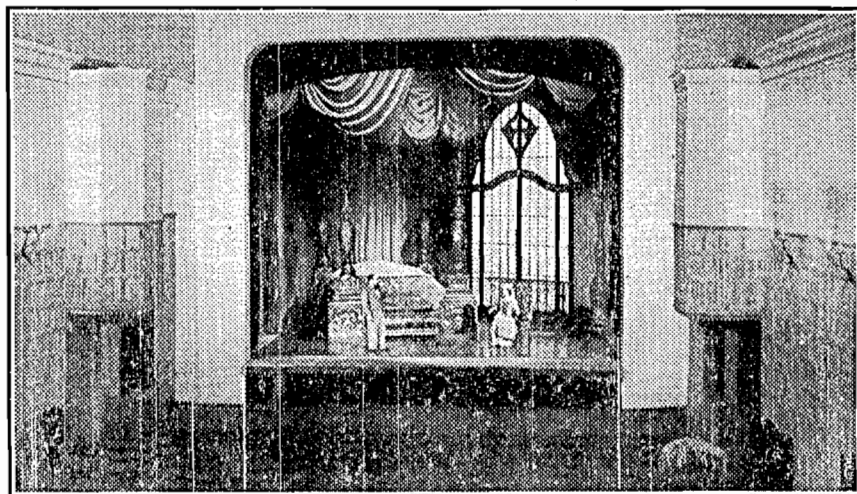
Some of our wide new motor-roads have already had their hard lines softened by a border of trees, prunus and pyrus, laburnum and flowering thorn; and the 50 oaks planted by Suffolk Girl Guides along the Woodbridge bypass road receive honourable mention.

Those readers who already know the Tree Lovers Calendar will welcome the opportunity of getting one of their own tree photographs in it as winner of the Society's Photographic Competition. Particulars may be had from the Secretary, Mrs Guy Winkfield, 32 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. The competition is open till October 9.

AN OPERA HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY



The new opera house in Sussex



Inside the opera house built by Mr John Christie at Glyndebourne, near Lewes. See page 2

Continued from the previous column

tions, these will keep children of all sizes and ages happy prisoners for many an hour. There are dolls that are nearly too good to be true, like the doll of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and the pedlar woman with exquisite, minute lace mats in her basket. No one would think so many kinds of dolls could have been thought of, to be made by patient and loving fingers. The oddest among them, several thousand years old, shut up for safety in a glass case, is made of bits of string and a bead or two.

Then come the doll's houses, the carpenter's shop with all those exquisite little tools stuck in their place on the wall; the kitchens with their rows of saucepans and spoons, the beautiful Noah's Ark. When we have got our

breath again we return lovingly to look at individual toys, at that little clay chariot made for a child in Ur of the Chaldees about 5000 years ago, the T'ang buffalo cart, the red lacquer horse and cart; then, coming with a bound to the present day, we smile on the oldest model of a railway train in existence, made by a terribly up-to-date person about 100 years ago.

Collectors will pore over the case of medals bearing the heads of children and struck in honour of a child's birth; mothers will feel heartache at the rows of exquisite samplers and embroidered characters made by little patient fingers; and children will look with secret joy at the cases of books and feel thankful they were never given a book called Little Annie; or, Is Church a happy time?

THE WONDER OF A LITTLE LORRY

LOOKING AFTER ITSELF
The Paper Ribbon That Takes
the Place of the Driver

ORDERS EXECUTED ON WHEELS

If the old walls of the Academy of Science in Paris were conscious they could say that they have witnessed, as already reported in the C.N., an event the simplicity of which surpasses in wonder the most remarkable sights they have seen in the past.

They have seen a little lorry freely move about in their yard without any driver. At a given signal the lorry started, turned to the right, then to the left, went around, stopped, started again, accelerated, slackened, blew its whistle, and lighted its lamps.

What the Inventor Says

The driving of cars, aeroplanes, and boats by wireless has been known many years. But the point concerning this little lorry is that it is independent. You set it going, you do nothing more to it, and you realise that it executes orders.

With this lorry modern locomotion seems to enter a new phase of which the results are unlimited. This is how M. Dussaud, the inventor, himself explains the management of his machine.

"Let us suppose," he says, "that a lorry has to depart from a place called A, to pass to a place called B, to stop there for a certain time; then that it has to start off again for another place called C, to leave something there, and to come back to its departure point A. This being settled, I take a map of the area which my lorry has to cover, and I connect together in pencil lines the places A, B, C. Studying the itinerary thus obtained I see that in going at a certain speed my lorry will reach B at such an hour, that its mission there will take it ten minutes, that it will then have to proceed and to turn to the right toward C, and so on."

The Paper Ribbon

And then the inventor goes on:

"Here is where my real work begins. I take a paper ribbon on which I register in perforations the complete work the lorry is to accomplish, and this ribbon will take the place of the driver; enrolled on a bobbin, it is going to be the brain of the car."

"Let us suppose now that the ribbon contains, for instance, six rows of perforations; the first row will 'order' March onward, the second March backward, the others Turn to the right, Turn to the left, Change speed, and the sixth might say: Throw this out, or Take a snapshot, or anything else. The ribbon can hold any number of orders."

"You know those sonorous ribbons on which the voice can be recorded and which will probably soon take the place of gramophone discs? Well, the perforated ribbon of my lorry is like one of those, only instead of registering a piece of music on them one registers some mechanical orders which are being carried on by electricity—and these orders may, of course, be numberless."

A Word About the Future

"Now, M. Dussaud," somebody asked, "what do you think the applications of this invention will be?"

At this M. Dussaud smiled as he answered: "How can a few-days-old invention tell what its future will be?" It will probably begin by enriching science with photographs taken in regions man cannot reach, it will do the work of sailors on lifeboats; it will drive engines. Who knows what it will do? One of my strongest desires is that it may help to spare the lives of animals."

A great thinker has written: "Do not let men do what can be realised by machines," and we may hope that the invention of M. Dussaud will contribute to the sparing of human lives.

THE DOVE AND THE OLIVE TREE

PEACE AND PLENTY ON A STAMP

The First Bird and the First Tree Named in the Bible

FRANCE AND THE DOVE

France has done one more small thing for peace while we are all waiting for her to do the great thing.

The dove has carried her olive-branch message of peace since earliest Bible days, and now France is giving the message a fresh opportunity of circling the world, for she has chosen the dove and the olive branch for her new stamps.

No picture can be more simple and yet more fraught with vital significance. The part played by the dove in the ancient world was so important that Sanskrit gives her as many as thirty names and Persian sixteen. In Lybia doves worked oracles, the Sicilians made lamps in their shape, legend gives to the Assyrian princess Semiramis the emblem of the doves which fed her.

In Early Christian Art

But it is in early Christian art that the dove plays the greatest part. Paintings, mosaics, jewels discovered in the catacombs picture the bird again and again. She comes as a messenger of peace after the Flood; she descends on the head of Christ at His baptism; she appears to the Disciples at Pentecost; she rests on the shoulder of Saint Gregory; and Our Lord names her to the Disciples as the symbol of harmless simplicity before sending them forth to preach.

The history of the olive tree runs parallel with that of the dove, yet there are few trees less attractive to look at. Its foliage is dull, its size not impressive, its flower inconspicuous, its fruit has no lustre. But like the dove among the creatures, so was it first among trees to be named in Genesis, and, like the dove, it is referred to as a sign of divine mercy.

Greece ascribed to the olive a divine origin. In the dispute between Athena and Neptune as to which should give the new city its name the gods assembled to judge the case decided that it should be the one who endowed the city with the finest gift. Neptune seemed to be the winner when he created a fiery steed; but when Athena produced from the earth an olive tree laden with flowers and fruit she obtained the prize, and the city was called Athens.

Symbolism of the Olive Tree

All over the ancient world the olive tree was taken as a symbol of peace and abundance. Certain countries had official surveyors to protect it, and a landowner was not allowed to uproot more than two in his life and was to make sacred use of them. The picking of olives was restricted to maidens, and whoever disobeyed the law was banished. In Rome condemned men imploring pardon in the streets held an olive branch to gain the clemency of the crowd. Even in our own time M. Briand celebrated the announcement of his plan for the United States of Europe by planting an olive tree at Geneva.

Science teaches that the repeated sight of a symbol creates a certain attitude in the mind. Few pictures are as familiar to us as those on our stamps, and it seems that the new French stamps may do something to spread the message of peace about the world while France herself is making up her mind whether she will give the world Peace or War.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY

The Bungay Branch of the League of Nations Union in Suffolk is unable to have a debate on the League as no one can be found to oppose it.

UNWANTED ANIMALS

The Goats of New Zealand

THE PRICE PAID FOR SPORT

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

How unwise it is to liberate animals in places where Nature never intended animals to live is constantly being stressed by scientists in New Zealand.

Some of the islands off the coast of New Zealand are still clothed with primeval forest. They are so difficult of access that men or animals have never lived there.

What may happen through the thoughtlessness of men is shown by the condition of Great King Island, an uninhabited spot at the extreme north of New Zealand. Goats were introduced many years ago by whalers, and they have done much damage to the vegetation. Scientists who have visited the island predict that in a few years it will be bare. They looked in vain for a rare fern which was found there some years ago, the poor goats having eaten up all ferns.

Peril To Alpine Flora

In the same way great damage has been done by goats and deer in the mountainous parts of the mainland of New Zealand. In Alpine country these animals (introduced so that men with guns would have something to shoot) are eating and destroying native plants which help to hold up the soil of the slopes of the mountains. Scientists are afraid that if these animals are not checked by wholesale shooting there may be heavy slips and disastrous floods.

There seems a real danger of the beautiful Alpine flora of New Zealand's mountains actually disappearing. There were no plant-eating animals until goats and deer were introduced, and Nature never intended them to be there. New Zealand problems arising from the animals become more difficult every year.

TEN MEN IN THE ANTARCTIC

First To Spend a Winter There WHAT A NORWEGIAN HERO DID

The leader of the first ten men to spend a whole year on the Antarctic continent has just died in Oslo, the town he was born in. He was Carsten Borchgrevink.

Though his father was a Norwegian his mother was English. He set out on his first voyage to the Antarctic from Melbourne, whither he had emigrated as a young man, and so keen was he on adventure that he shipped as an ordinary seaman on a whaler. He landed at Cape Adare and resolved to return there.

We are proud to recall that it was on a British ship, the Southern Cross, found by an Englishman, Sir George Newnes, that this courageous explorer went on his great adventure. Leaving the Thames in the summer of 1898 Mr Borchgrevink landed at Cape Adare on the mainland of Antarctica in the following February.

The little party of ten men spent a year making valuable meteorological and magnetic observations and collecting objects of natural history. The Southern Cross then returned and carried them south along the great ice barrier, when Carsten Borchgrevink landed once more and made a dash with sledges and dogs, reaching a point farther south than Sir James Ross had reached more than 60 years before.

One hundred thousand tons of Kent coal have been ordered by Greek buyers.

Czecho-Slovakia has a new law forbidding motorists to smoke while they are driving.

THE STOWAWAY LOST

Humour on the Railway

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SNAKE?

Every boat reaching Australia has usually one or two stowaways on board who have decided that another country is their only chance of making a living; but this could not have been the intention of a most unusual stowaway found recently on a train travelling from Bendigo to Melbourne in Victoria. It was a tiny kangaroo.

How he got on to the train is a mystery, but he had chosen the most comfortable place in the train, among the ice boxes, for Victoria has been having one of the worst heat-waves ever experienced at this time of year. He was discovered by railway officials, and has been deposited at the Melbourne Zoo, where he will be carefully looked after.

Another stowaway on another Australian train was a large black snake. It had been living among the wheatstacks at Barrakee and had grown fat on the mice it found there. It was seen when the wheat was being loaded, but before it could be killed it shot into one of the trucks. Rather than unload the whole truck the stationmaster telegraphed that truck 14,905 contained a big reptile.

The Label on the Truck

Truck 14,905 became a password along the waterfront and at the wheatstacks, and the truck was carefully labelled by some humourist: Snakes with Care. Public Invited to Unloading. Big Reptile. Stand Clear.

The humour of the situation was not appreciated by the men who had to unload the truck at the waterfront. Armed with sticks some of them stood around the truck while the men actually unloading worked with extreme care. The slightest unusual noise made them jump; they handled the bags of wheat as if they were bombs, one eye on the bag and the other on the possible appearance of six feet of large black snake.

The whole truck was unloaded and there was no sign of the snake! Among so many other objects it has been officially recorded as lost in transit.

JOHN CHINAMAN

A Tailor Engages a Street

A French naval officer has had a unique experience which has given him a great regard for the Chinese tailor.

Being in need of a tropical outfit he called at a tailor's shop in the native quarter of Shanghai. "I want six silk suits, 12 shirts, and six pairs of canvas shoes," he said; "I want them by ten o'clock tonight, as our boat leaves at midnight. You have exactly 12 hours in which to do it. He dared not go to a European firm in Shanghai with such a request, but the Chinese looked at him and said, "You shall have them." The measurements were taken and the work started.

The shop was a very small room, and the Frenchman wondered how it could be done. He returned at the appointed time, and found his packages all ready. The Chinese tailor had mobilised the whole street for the work and thus fulfilled his contract.

When the bill was presented the Frenchman was amazed at its reasonableness, and offered to pay more for the extra labour involved in doing the work so quickly. "We made no arrangements about payment, and therefore I must charge what is the usual price," replied the tailor.

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from mechanical transport mines

UNDER THE APENNINES

STUPENDOUS FEAT OF ENGINEERING

Longest Double-Track Tunnel in the World

ITALY'S MOST DIRECT

The longest tunnel in the world with a double track has been opened in Italy.

It runs for over 11 miles under the Apennines and is on the railway between Florence and Bologna. It is true that the Simplon is nearly a mile longer, but in that masterpiece of engineering each line runs through a separate tunnel.

The task of boring the tunnel under the Apennines has been one of very great difficulty. There were hundreds of yards of shifting earth, great inrushes of water, and pockets of inflammable gas. It is said that no engineering task of this nature has proved quite so hard.

An Unusual Feature

There is an unusual feature in the tunnel. Halfway in its course under the mountains it has been widened to form a station with four tracks, so that a slow train can be halted for an express to dash through.

No smoke will collect in the tunnel, for the whole system is electrified.

The name of the line is Direttissima, or Most Direct, and it saves 21 miles between the two towns and an hour and a half on the journey. In all there are 31 tunnels on the route, and for 23 miles out of 61 the trains will run underground. In the construction of the line many bridges, viaducts, and aqueducts have been built, and the total cost has amounted to about £13,000,000. So Italy does great things while London talks about a bridge at Charing Cross.

This splendid railway in the heart of Italy is one more example of the progress made in that country under the direction of Signor Mussolini, Dictator.

WHO THINKS OF THESE?

The Toll of the Toads

The Toll of the Road is causing the Government great concern, but who thinks of the loss of life among birds, animals, and insects?

Outside Hitchin in Hertfordshire, on the main road to the North, over two hundred toads were killed in one night. Obeying the instinct which takes them to the same pond year after year they had to cross the main road where traffic is almost continuous. When breeding-time is over they have to cross the road again and their numbers decrease year by year. The fewer toads in the garden the more flies and insects, for toads feed on them.

That speeding cars should cause more flies sounds fantastic, but modern progress has some unexpected results.

IN A REFRESHMENT ROOM

By a Traveller

Travelling on a cold day I had to change trains at a draughty junction, and sought refuge for half an hour in the comfortable refreshment-room, a number of my fellow-travellers also doing so.

I looked with interest to see what refreshment was most popular. All the customers were men. Just half were taking coffee. Twelve per cent were drinking beer. The remainder had milk or mineral waters.

As I had nothing to read I further beguiled the time by looking at the advertisements on the walls. Of those proclaiming the advantages of various beverages 65 per cent advertised alcohol.

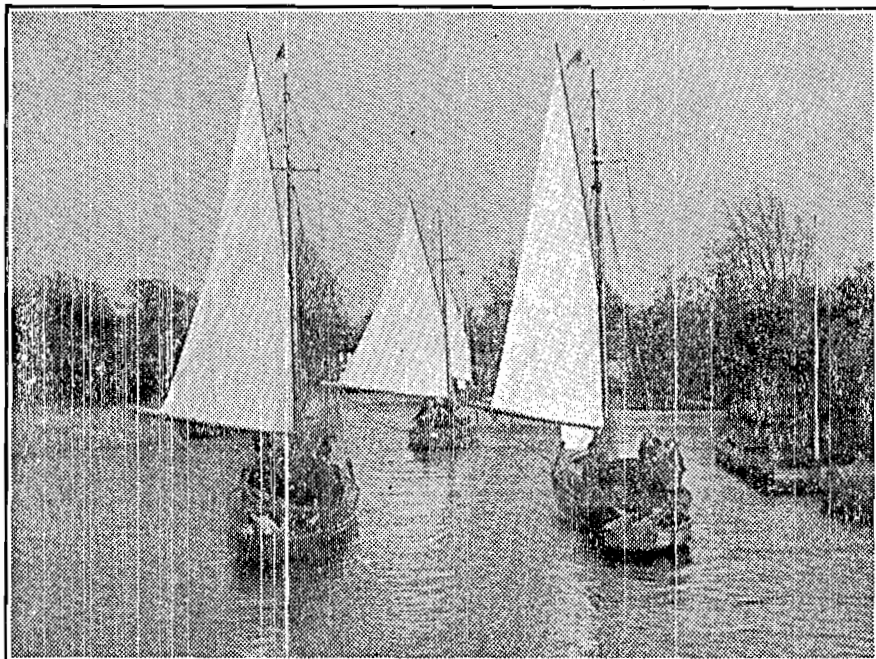
So to secure 12 per cent of the custom it was necessary for the Drink Trade to do 65 per cent of the advertising.

May 12, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

9

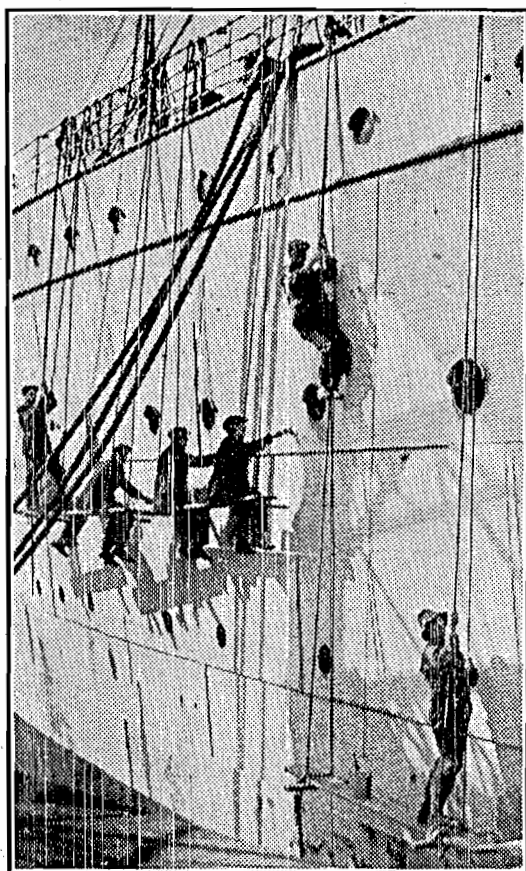
A SAFETY STILE · THE EGG AND SPOON RACE · COAL SCULPTURE



Holidays Afloat—Several hundred public school and university students have been spending early holidays on the Norfolk Broads. Here are some of the boats setting out from Wroxham.



Little Lifeguards—These boys of Sydney are taught to emulate the lifeguards who patrol Australian beaches ready to dash into the sea to rescue any bather in distress.



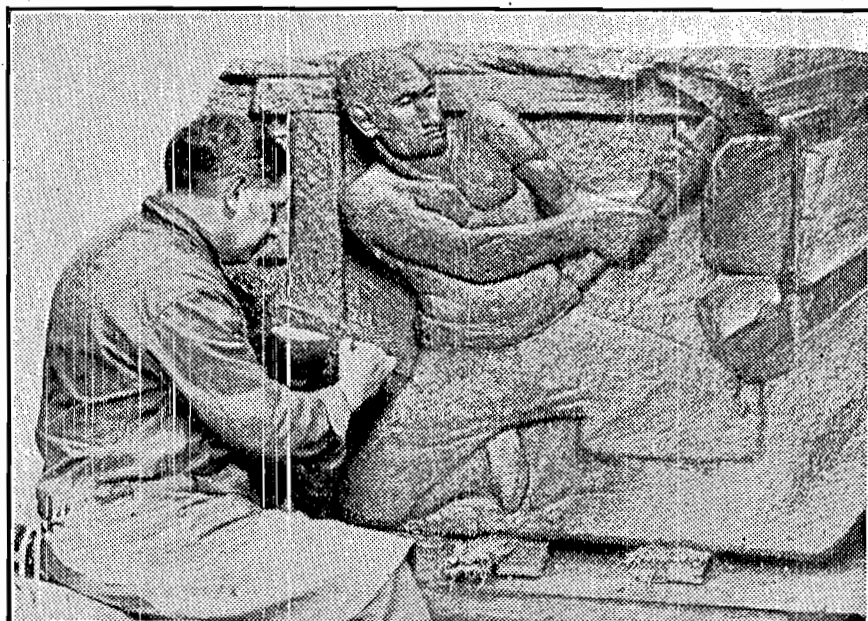
Painting a Ship—Sunshine and shadow help to make an intricate pattern of this picture of a liner being given her summer coat of paint at Southampton.



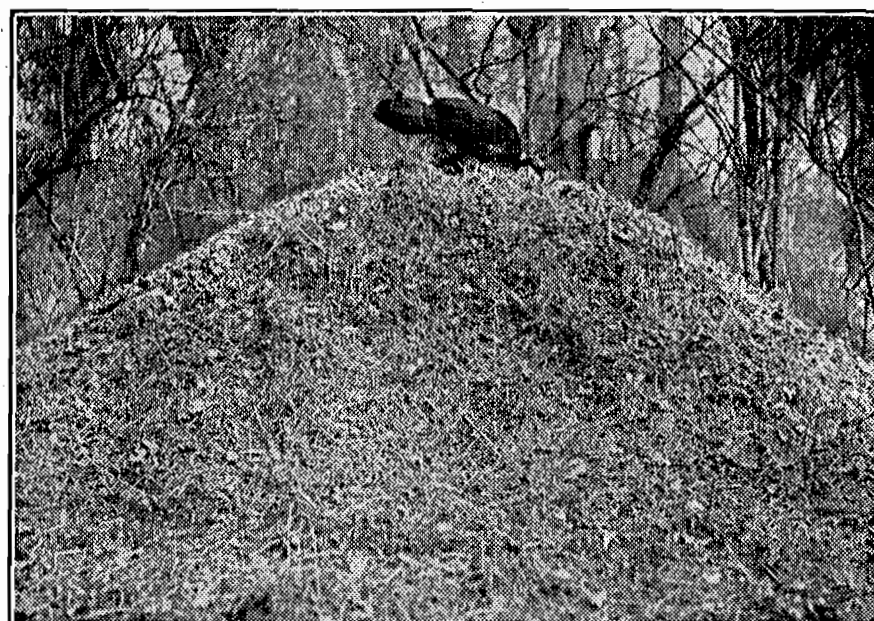
Making Haste Slowly—A study in concentration provided by three competitors in the egg-and-spoon race, which was one of the events in the Life Brigade sports held in Battersea Park.



Safety Stile—A V-shaped stile at Elstow School, Bedfordshire, which checks children who might otherwise run out of the gate into the traffic on the main road.



Sculpture in Coal—On a large piece of recently-mined coal from a local pit Mr Alan Brough, a Manchester sculptor, has made a relief figure of a Lancashire miner at work.



A Five-Ton Nest—A brush turkey of New Guinea is busily building this huge nest of about five tons of vegetation at Whipsnade. The nest will not be finished until August.

OUR SCHOOLS AT WORK

A SURVEY IN PICTURES

What the State is Doing To Turn Out Good Citizens

ENTHUSIASM AMONG THE TEACHERS

The enthusiasm of our teachers, which makes possible such excellent things as the School Travel Association and the exchange visits of children from various countries, is responsible for one of the most interesting books we have seen on State education in England and Wales.

It is called *The Schools at Work*, and is published by the enterprising firm of Evans Brothers. For 2s it shows in striking pictures the great advance made in our schools during the last sixty years. Looking at some of the earlier photographs reproduced in these pages we can scarcely believe that only sixty years separates the wretched-looking children on benches in a cheerless school-room from the eager-looking youngsters working in bright rooms or in the open air, with little chairs and tables specially made for them.

Sixty Years of Progress

In those sixty years the master has discarded his top hat and the children have lost their sad little faces and poor physique. The book is not only a survey of education but a comparison of social conditions in the 19th and 20th centuries, from the time when Mr Joseph Chamberlain was urging that it was as much the duty of the State to see that children are educated as to see that they are fed, to the time when Mr Neville Chamberlain's Budget is allowing for over £51,000,000 on education.

State education today starts with nursery schools, where babies are kept healthy and happy, though so far only a beginning has been made in this direction, with little more than thirty such nurseries provided by local authorities. The taking of these babies from crowded homes and giving them hours in pleasant rooms or out in the sun, is having a wonderful effect, not only in their training, but on their health.

Compulsory Education

The Infant Schools, Junior Schools, and Senior Schools take the children from seven to 14. Here, unfortunately, compulsory education ends, several years too soon for the full development of the child, though a scholarship may lead to a good secondary education for those of real ability, and an opportunity of going on to a university. Pages of pictures show us these schools with their balance of work and play and their fine attention to the health of the child.

For those whose parents can afford to put off wage-earning time for their children, and for all who are keen enough to study outside work hours, there are the Technical Schools, where it is possible to follow up any particular interest, from cooking to building, and where almost every trade is taught. A fine series of photographs shows the varied nature of these schools, as well as other practical lessons such as Domestic Science and Horticulture, which are started in some of the senior schools and are to be had in most of the Secondary. The arts are not neglected.

More Coordination Needed

The survey ends with illustrations of the health services, the open-air schools for weakly children, and the special schools for the physically and mentally defective who once were nobody's care.

That more coordination is needed in our schools is admitted; that the school age should be raised and the classes made smaller are other hoped-for developments; and they will come. In the meantime these pictures show what the State is doing to turn out good citizens, and we do not wonder that the teachers are proud of the progress made.

THE AIR POST Letters That Did Not Reach Franklin

One of the most interesting exhibitions of the year is now open at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

It is the International Air Post Exhibition, and there is on show a collection of air mail stamps and souvenir letters and cards, ranging from the first air letter, which was dropped from a balloon over London 150 years ago, to letters carried by airships and rockets.

One collector has sent his exhibit from New Guinea, and many other collections have been received from all parts of the world.

One of the most interesting exhibits is a balloon message by which relief parties tried to get in touch with Sir John Franklin, lost on his last expedition in search of a North-West Passage in 1850.

The stamps and other items exhibited are valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds, and a special guard patrols the Exhibition Hall every night.

The Post Office has a special display, ranging from the first stamps, the penny blacks of 1840, to the air mails of today, and this display is patrolled by postmen in old-time uniform.

NEW MEMORIAL AT CANTERBURY

Archbishop Davidson in Bronze

Canterbury Cathedral has been enriched by one more memorial to a great archbishop. An impressive bronze figure of Archbishop Davidson has been placed in the ambulatory of the Trinity Chapel, opposite the Black Prince memorial.

The figure is the work of Mr Cecil Thomas and shows the archbishop in the robe he wore at the coronation of King George. His hand is raised in blessing.

As evidence of the affection in which the late archbishop was held 67 bishops in this island and 81 bishops overseas contributed to the memorial, which was dedicated by Archbishop Lang at a moving ceremony a few Sundays ago.

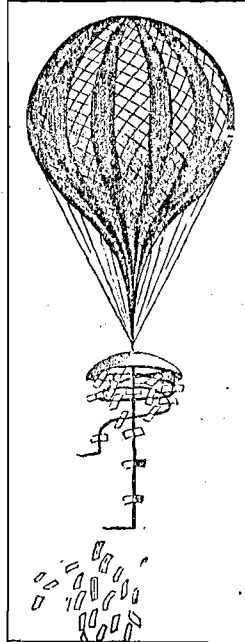
NEW CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

Mr T. O. M. Sopwith's steel-built cutter yacht Endeavour, which was launched recently at Gosport, is the fifteenth challenger for the America's Cup.

The trophy, won by the schooner America, after which it is named, in 1851, has never been recovered.

It was first challenged for in 1870 and 1871 by the English schooners Cambria and Livonia. In 1885 and 1886 the English cutters Genesta and Galatea again challenged, and in the following year the Scottish cutter Thistle tried. The fourth Earl of Dunraven made two attempts in 1893 and 1895 with his Valkyries, and from 1899 until 1930, Sir Thomas Lipton tried to win the cup with his Shamrocks.

Mr Sopwith will steer his own cutter Endeavour in the races next September, when the contest is for the best out of seven, and he will be the only English owner to steer his own yacht in the races for the America's Cup.



A balloon dropping messages to Sir John Franklin, bundles being released by means of smouldering ropes

SWORD OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER Seen By the Order of Boy Scouts

There was a thrilling moment for the Boy Scouts gathered in the Chapel of St George at Windsor to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their movement.

After they had listened to the recital of the Scout Law and had repeated their Scout Promise the Dean of Windsor held before them the great cross-hilted sword of Edward the Third.

He reminded them that this sword had hung in St George's Chapel for nearly 600 years as a symbol of the great Order of Chivalry founded by Edward the Third. It was a sign that he had consecrated his service and that of his brother Knights of the Garter to God and to their country, and it was to represent the fact that the greatest glory a soldier could win was in showing moral qualities of character.

The Dean went on to declare that the old laws of chivalry were very like the laws of the Scouts, and the spirit behind them both was the same.

Before the solemn ceremony in St George's Chapel the Scouts had been reviewed by the King, a descendant of the monarch who had hung his sword in the chapel on the castle hill.

21 THIS SUMMER

Bath is looking forward to wishing many happy returns to a dramatic society with the clumsy name of Citizen House School of Dramatic Production, which will be 21 this summer.

Bath has been feeling for a long time what many people in the provinces feel, that there is magnificent material for plays and production in the country, and people need not feel obliged to go to London or Birmingham or Manchester to see a really good play.

Therefore this ancient and dignified town, which has been the scene of so many human comedies, has devoted a score of years to developing a local society dedicated to the interests of the stage. Their Little Theatre, which had to be pulled down to make room for a wider road, is coming to life again in another spot.

It happens that the reappearance of the Little Theatre coincides with the Citizen House S.D.P. birthday, and if masons and carpenters work hard joy bells will soon be ringing all over Bath.

The description of the new theatre reminds us of Cecil Sharp House in that it contains so many things beside a theatre—a debating room and club room, a library lounge, and a restaurant.

THE CHESHIRE CAT

At a Stalybridge railway station in Cheshire is a cat called Ginger, well known up and down the line.

He often takes it into his head to have a free train ride, and sometimes finds himself being sent back in a hamper.

Ginger came out of the unknown about five years ago, and has established himself firmly in the hearts of all the station staff. At midday, when the Huddersfield-to-Leeds train pulls in, Ginger may be seen making his way to the dining-car for a first-class meal. He has a decided preference for L.M.S. trains to Huddersfield, and always makes for the first-class coach. Having dined, he will then decide whether it is a day for a journey or whether it would be better to get off the train.

Once he was discovered in North Wales, and he has turned up so often at Crewe that he is just as well known there as at Stalybridge, though his visits are short.

After a look round and a saucer of milk at the Crewe buffet he takes the first train back to Stalybridge

OUR DERELICT AREAS

HOW CAN THEY BE HELPED?

The Government To Look Into a Great Problem

TOWNS WITHOUT HOPE

Goaded by public opinion the Government are at last taking steps to try to solve the terrible problem of our derelict industrial areas.

Investigators have been appointed whose task is to suggest what measures should be taken to remedy the evil in each district.

There are at least four areas in this island where the term derelict applies, a word which implies much more than distressed. For the distressed area may be said to be but passing through a very serious state of unemployment, which the Bill now before Parliament should to a great extent relieve, as under its provisions the State will relieve local authorities of 40 per cent of their payments to able-bodied unemployed.

Jarrow's Sad Plight

The problem of the derelict areas, however, is that their native industries are never likely to recover; there are no alternative industries, and the people are doomed to idleness and poverty for the rest of their lives.

One of the towns suffering in this way is Jarrow, whose 36,000 inhabitants formerly relied on the shipyards on the Tyne. There is silence in those shipyards, and there are skilled artisans, once workers in them, who have not held a tool against a piece of steel for six or seven years. There are, too, young men who have never handled a tool at all—hundreds of them with nothing to do but loaf about.

We find the same thing in South Wales, where whole villages are beyond self-help; in Cumberland, and in parts of Fife and Lanark.

Local aid, whether official or voluntary, cannot relieve the physical and mental distress in these places, which have been described as being without a future. Only a boldly-planned national effort can solve their problem, which requires large-scale planning and large-scale finance.

Need of New Industries

It is impossible to remove whole populations, though many of the younger members might be found opportunities elsewhere, so new industries will have to be established in these areas, un-economic, perhaps, at first, but at least providing work so as to restore the morale of those who have set their hands to no tasks for years. It has been suggested that the Government should send a director with a staff to each area, there to plan new industries and to train the workers to new occupations.

The deterioration of humanity has gone on far too long in these areas, and they have become a blot on the nation as a whole. The nation cannot allow sections to die away helplessly, and the Government must be forced to take special action and without delay.

STICKING TO THE OLD FIRM

The Long Service Corps of the United Dairies met at a dinner in London one night recently. There are 694 of them, from roundsmen to directors, and they represent 26,056 years of service with the firm.

A director heads the list with 56 years, 19 men have completed more than 50 years, and 15 women more than 40 years. Mrs Woodbury came up for the dinner from Exeter, where she started as a milkmaid 48 years ago.

MARVELS OF HERCULES THE TRAPEZIUM

Does the Great Constellation
Symbolise Adam?

A GIANT RED SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Hercules, the legendary strong man of the heavens, is now high in the south-east sky.

By 10 o'clock in the evening its chief stars may be readily identified by the trapezium, as shown in our star-map.

The origin of Hercules is shrouded in mystery, but the fact that from most ancient times he has usually been represented as kneeling, and always with his foot on the head of the great serpent Draco, suggests that Hercules originally typified the Chaldean story of man's strife with the powers of evil, symbolised by the serpent, and so graphically handed down to us in the Bible story of the Garden of Eden.

So it comes about that the strange, uncouth figure for over 2000 years known as Hercules may have originally, and over 5000 years before, symbolised Adam.

It was not known as Hercules before Roman times; clad in a lion's skin and brandishing a club this figure well represents early man as a powerful hunter in savage garb.

Hercules contains some stellar marvels; but we must first find the stars composing the trapezium, all of them of about third magnitude.

Zeta is composed of a yellowish central star similar to our Sun, and only about a tenth more massive. Around this, at an average distance of 1135 million miles, revolves a great reddish miniature sun. It is of only sixth magnitude, and about half as massive as the central sun, taking 34 and a half years to revolve round it. As the orbit of this miniature sun is almost in line with that of the Earth it is alternately passing first in front and then behind the central sun.

These are the nearest of the stars of Hercules. Their light takes 29 years to reach us, so they are about 1,835,400 times farther off than our Sun. There may be other members of this distant solar system which are too small to be detected with present telescopic powers.

Colossal Sphere of Glowing Gas

Delta also appears to be composed of two suns, but actually one is very much farther off than the other, and is travelling in a different direction, there being no physical connection. The larger sun is about 112 light-years distant.

Gamma is another instance of a star composed of two suns which have apparently no connection and are only seen in the line of sight; the brighter of the two is about 181 light-years away.

Beta is 106 light-years distant, Epsilon 142 years, and Pi 171 years. All these suns are very much larger than our Sun, each radiating over 100 times more light; while Eta, only 61 light-years away, radiates about ten times as much.

It is Alpha (also known as Ras Algethi) which is the giant sun of Hercules. This reddish marvel is a colossal sphere of highly attenuated glowing gas about 400 times the diameter of our Sun or 345,400,000 miles. If its surface were as near as that of our Sun it would cover most of the sky at noon-day; but fortunately for us Ras Algethi is 25,822,000 times farther away, its light taking nearly 408 years to reach us.

Far greater marvels of Hercules will be dealt with in another article, so the star-map should be kept for reference.

G. F. M.



The chief stars of Hercules

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Robert Browning Born

MAY 7

Robert Browning, the rival of Tennyson among the poets of the Victorian era, was born in Camberwell, May 7, 1812, died in Venice December 12, 1889, and, with Tennyson, sleeps near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear

Beside the singer; and there is delight In praising, though the praiser sit alone And see the praised far off him, far above.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's, Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee, Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale

No man hath walked along our roads with step So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue So varied in discourse. But warmer climes

Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on

Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where The Siren waits thee, singing song for song. Walter Savage Landor

ALL ARE WELCOME

International Bloomsbury

WHERE EAST AND WEST
ARE FRIENDS

Londoners in Bloomsbury have many proofs that East and West can meet in comradeship with very happy results.

There is the Student Movement House in Russell Square where young people of every nationality and colour may be seen in friendly groups, playing games, pacing the Square in interminable conversations, or sunning themselves on the lawns inside the railings.

Round the corner in Gordon Square is Number 4, another large house where men and women from every corner of the globe may be seen going in and out of the doors. It is a guest house where people of every nation and colour may stay, a little international centre of goodwill run by the widow of Mr Osborne Samuel, a Presbyterian minister.

But even so it is often difficult for a stranger from India or Africa to find a London lodging-house where he is welcomed. For these there is the Indian Students Hostel in Gower Street, which also keeps long lists of lodgings to recommend to its overflow of coloured people; and round another corner the doors of the Y.M.C.A. are always open.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Who is Buried in the Cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey?

One of the two infant children of James the First.

Which is the Largest Battleship Afloat?

The largest capital ships in the British Navy are the Nelson and the Rodney, sister vessels of 34,000 tons, launched in 1925.

Why is the Dogger Bank So Called?

The origin of the name is not known; but it is thought to be derived from the Dutch word for a trawler.

Does the Wind Affect the Amount of Water in the Springs?

A drying wind will reduce the surface moisture of the earth and so reduce the amount of water available for the springs. A moist wind will have the contrary effect; and, especially if it brings rain with it, will add to the quantity of water available.

SPOILED BENJY

THE NEW ZOO PET

A Common Grievance Brings
Two Enemies Together

INTRUDERS IN THE
MONKEY HOUSE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has been presented with a black-footed penguin called Benjy, who should become a great favourite because, in addition to being tame, he is delightfully helpless.

This penguin has been kept as a pet, and he is now at the Zoo because his companion died and his owner was afraid he would be lonely. But although Benjy approves of this arrangement he does not realise that it entails certain obligations; and being used to receiving personal attention he still insists on having it, and at feeding-time demands to be hand-fed.

When the other penguins at the Zoo dive and swim for the fish thrown into their pond Benjy stands and cries for his dinner until the keeper puts herrings in his beak.

Koko and Boo-Boo

Another newcomer in the menagerie is a visitor from the Bristol Zoo. He is a full-grown chimpanzee known as Koko. He is expected to stay at Regent's Park for several months, as there is no room for him at present at his own home.

He is to share a home with a chimpanzee called Boo-Boo; and these two are making one another's acquaintance through bars, so that there will be no danger of their fighting when they are together in the same cage.

However, it will probably not be necessary to keep them apart for long, because they seemed to like each other at first sight. Boo-Boo at once tried to make friends by pushing pieces of food through the bars, while Koko responded by accepting her presents.

But Boo-Boo's first impression of the new chimpanzee was not shared by the other chimpanzees. Jimmie, one of the largest, danced with rage at the sight of him, and uttered loud battle-cries. Then, finding that he could not fight with the unwelcome visitor, Jimmie began to grumble about him to his next-door neighbour, a short-tempered, elderly chimpanzee called Bubu, who shared his views. And although usually Jimmie and Bubu are on bad terms their common dislike of Koko has made them quite friendly.

Uninvited Guests

Several of the sparrows that haunt the Zoo have found a good use for the Monkey House. They have raided the monkeys' dens to steal straw; and now all along the house, close to the roof, are rows of sparrows' nests. These uninvited guests chirp so loudly that they drown the voices of the monkeys, and they are so impudent that they fly into the cages to help themselves to food. Their hosts resent the behaviour of the daring little birds; but only the gibbon apes have ever managed to catch one.

A pair of wood-pigeons are also determined to have their nursery near the monkeys, and insist on building a nest on the top of the orang-utans' outdoor den. As the orang-utans would certainly pull down the nest and kill the chicks the keepers are trying to induce the pigeons to build elsewhere.

Your Share of the
Peace of the World

For 12s a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth



*My
goodness!-
no wonder
I'm healthy"*

ALWAYS a picture of health —with glowing cheeks and happy, laughing eyes—all parents delight to see their children brimming over with such life and energy.

Remember that good health depends upon correct and adequate nourishment—and active children need more nourishment than ordinary food supplies, to make good the strength and energy they expend so lavishly. That is why they need delicious "Ovaltine."

"Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It provides, in a concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digestible form, every nutritive element essential for building up health, strength and vitality.

Although imitations are made to look like "Ovaltine," there are extremely important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Considering its supreme quality "Ovaltine" is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE
Gives Energy and
Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

STEPHEN TURR POOR APPRENTICE WHO BECAME A KING'S FRIEND

Heroic Hungarian Soldier's
Amazing Record

HOW HE FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM

There are life-stories so strange that they seem like a page out of some improbable romance.

Such is the story recalled at the unveiling of the memorial to Stephen Turr, the Hungarian soldier who started life as a tradesman's apprentice, became the friend of Louis Kossuth and Garibaldi, married a princess, and ended as a courtly old gentleman of leisure in the first years of this century.

The son of poor parents he was early apprenticed to a trade, but, seizing the only way of escape open to him, he ran away and enlisted as a soldier, and soon won his stripes.

The First Step

This, however, was only the first step, for it was not long before his colonel's favour procured him a commission. In 1848 his regiment was mobilised against the Italian insurgents. This cut him to the quick, for as a Hungarian he sympathised with all who tried to shake off the Austrian yoke and, going over to them, he fought so well that he was almost at once given the command of a company.

After many adventures and vicissitudes he went to Switzerland. The spirit of adventure and the craving to strike a blow for what he considered the right side still dominated him, and, offering his services to the British Army, he rose from rank to rank till he was made a colonel.

Badly wounded in the Crimea he was made prisoner by the Russians, and delivered up to the Austrians to be executed as a deserter. But in 1856 he was back in Turkey, helping the insurgent Circassians against Russia.

At Garibaldi's Side

In 1860 he was at Garibaldi's side in the glorious venture which liberated Sicily and Naples and set Victor Emmanuel on the Italian throne. For his gallant services in this campaign Stephen Turr was made a general and governor of Naples, and became aide-de-camp to and friend of Italy's first king.

Not by ambitious climbing but simply by being himself and following his own rashly-generous and liberty-loving impulses he had risen to heights which the little Hungarian apprentice could not in his wildest dreams have envisaged; and it must have seemed to him like the marvellous and yet fitting conclusion of a fairy tale when, as a field-marshal of 35, he won the love and the hand of Princess Adèle Buonaparte-Wyse, the niece of Napoleon the Third.

Against the Hapsburgs

He might well have been excused had he settled down after this to "live happily ever after." Yet four years later we find him, at a word from Kossuth, throwing up his position in the Italian Army and risking life, liberty, and his new-found happiness on another venture against the Hapsburgs.

He was, however, not to be an outlaw and an exile for ever, nor was it only as a soldier that he was destined to make his mark. Granted an amnesty in 1867 he returned, after nearly 20 years, to the land of his birth to take an active part in every sort of scheme for social and economic welfare.

With the help of trained Hungarian engineers he built the canal which bisects the Isthmus of Corinth.

The evening of this remarkable man's life was serene and tranquil. One by one he gave up his manifold activities and centred his interests on his books, his friends, and his political writings. Yet when he passed away at 78 those who knew him felt as though something magnificent and picturesque had gone out of the world.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



Portraits in sculpture by Mrs Charles Wheeler and C. W. Dyson-Smith



The Captive, by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.



The Merry Fiddler, by R. G. Eves, A.R.A.



Jillian, by Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

Here we give a selection from the portraits at Burlington House, where the 166th exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open

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TEMPLE TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES OLD

LOST IN A SWAMP

A Shrine Near Paestum is
Found Again

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY

It has long been known that somewhere in the country behind Paestum stood one of the most famous of the Greek temples, a shrine dedicated to Hera, wife of Zeus.

This temple has been lost for over 1000 years, but at last its remains have been discovered in a malarial swamp on the banks of the River Silarus. It was built nearly 2500 years ago.

Its finding is the result of many weeks of persistent digging by a lady antiquary, Dr Zancani-Montuoro, who has been working for the Magna Graeca Archaeological Society. For a distance of nearly 30 miles she has been testing the banks of the river, and she has been rewarded by coming across a great marble column. Digging in its neighbourhood she has brought to light 3000 fragments of those terra-cotta statuettes which worshippers offered to the goddess in her temple.

City Sacked by the Saracens

Dr Zancani-Montuoro is continuing her excavations, and it is hoped to reveal all that remains of this shrine. Its site is about six miles from one of the most famous cities in ancient Italy, Paestum on the Gulf of Salerno, where two great temples to Neptune and Ceres stand beside a basilica. There are remains of the amphitheatre and the walls which the Romans built for the colony they planted here in the third century B.C., but the origin of Paestum is lost in antiquity. It was probably in existence before it was colonised by the Sybarites in the sixth century, and for over 100 years it was one of the famous colonial cities of Greece.

In Roman times the city gradually sank in importance, and when the Saracens came and sacked it it never recovered. This was partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that the mouth of the River Silarus had gradually silted up. The district through which it flowed then changed from a fertile, well-cultivated territory into marshland breeding malaria, so that it is not surprising that the very site of the Temple of Hera has been lost for centuries.

A HAPPY IDEA

War Horses as Olympian Guests

Some of the horses serving in the war are to be the guests of the International Horse Show at Olympia this year.

It was a delightful idea to invite the proud owners of these veterans to send their chargers to this world-famous show, and the surprising thing is that there were found to be so many of them.

One of the best known of these horses is Quicksilver, which, with its war-service ribbon waving from its forehead, has stepped proudly in every ceremonial procession in London since it returned from Germany. It belongs to Colonel Laurie, one of the Assistant Commissioners at Scotland Yard, and is entitled to a wound stripe, for it was hit during the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

Another famous horse is Warrior, which carried General Seely, now Lord Mottistone, all through the campaign and still carries him when he rides over the downs near his home in the Isle of Wight. A horse which went through Lord Allenby's campaign in Palestine is being sent from Cairo, where hundreds of its companions still live, having been sold there at the end of the war.

STRANGLER TRADE

The Puzzle of Buying and Selling

DEFENCE AND ATTACK

To read a copy of the official Board of Trade Journal is to realise how difficult it has become to transact business between nations.

We find here set out not only the lists of Customs Duties and regulations, but the direct limitation of trade by quantity, or quota.

Thus, in a single week's issue, 30 columns are devoted to new Customs Regulations and Tariff Changes, ranging from France to Turkey.

A would-be exporter has now not only to ascertain what Customs Duties he has to meet, but what quantity of his goods is admitted to that country and whether that quantity has been already furnished.

It is wonderful, in these circumstances, that any trade is done at all. Suppose, for example, that an exporter desires to sell pens to France. He finds that under Tariff Number 636 he has not only to meet a heavy duty, but that there is a strict limitation by quantity for all British exporters.

Nearly every nation has the system at work. It is a system which is injuring the whole world, but each nation professes that it is driven to folly by the folly of the other nations.

So it is with armaments. Each nation professes to hate the thing it is doing, and declares that it only arms to defend itself; and so it is that defence amounts to attack.

WHAT CHILDREN READ

11,000 Send Information

Lovers of books should be very much interested in an inquiry made among its children by the Council of East Ham.

East Ham is a very up-to-date county borough with splendid libraries, one of which has a bust of Elizabeth Fry, who used to live there.

Wishing to find out the type of books its boys and girls read the Council distributed 11,000 forms among them, asking them whether they were members of the public libraries and what were their preferences in books.

A third of the children were not members, and 384 boys and 207 girls explained that they had no interest in reading.

Adventure tales headed the list in popularity among the boys, while school tales came second with children from 10 to 14. Girls up to 14 expressed a great liking for Guide stories; while children of nine asked for tales of animals.

It is stated in the report that children grow out of their liking for fairy tales at a much earlier age than did their parents, a fact that we can understand, for the C.N. and the Children's Encyclopedia have been based on this assumption for a quarter of a century.

GERMANS AT WORK

The Fall in Unemployment

These pages gladly record every good item from Germany. The Nazis claim that their social policy has already halved German unemployment.

Last year at this time Germany had 5,600,000 out of work. By December there was a reduction to 4,000,000. At the end of March the number fell to 2,800,000, or fewer in proportion to population than we have. If we had the same rate of unemployment our workless would number about 1,500,000, whereas we have about 2,200,000.

The German reduction has apparently been made by a determined prosecution of the doing-necessary-work policy so often advocated in the C.N.

THE VOICE THAT DOES NOT DECEIVE

How the Telephone Caught a Man

THE WIRE DETECTIVE

At a New York telephone a subscriber called and listened for a reply.

It came giving a name which was less familiar than the voice. The caller was puzzled. He had heard the voice years ago, but it did not seem to belong rightly to the name.

Where had he heard it before? He racked his memory; then suddenly remembrance came. The voice belonged to someone whom he had known eleven years before, and whom he had good reason not to forget. It was that of a defaulting banker who had disappeared.

He continued the conversation to make sure, and every utterance over the wire confirmed his suspicions. There was no doubt about it; the voice was that of a man who had once conducted a bank in the Italian quarter and had disappeared with many thousands of dollars of Italian depositors. The Italian who now recognised his voice was one of them.

The Police Sent For

He smoothly continued the conversation, and suggested that the man he had known as a banker should come round to deliver an order he gave. The unwary defaulter did so, and his former depositor locked the door on him and sent for the police.

They came to find a man who was not in the least like the fugitive of eleven years ago. The face had altered; even the scars which had made it recognisable had gone. The man had got rid of them, but he could never escape his voice.

The voice never can be changed. But the telephone was the real detective, because it presented the voice without a face, which otherwise might have confused the impression.

SEEN IN A BUSH FIRE

The Man and the Opossum

From an Australian Correspondent

Once again terrible bush fires have been sweeping through parts of the forest areas of Victoria.

Fanned by the wind the flames race ahead at an unbelievable pace. The air is full of blinding smoke, great trees are ablaze from tip to bole, and the scrub beneath blazes and vanishes like a twist of cotton tossed in a grate.

Man and beast are forced from their homes, but there is one difference. Whereas the nest of the opossum, the burrow of the fox, and all the tiny hiding-places of the wild things are irrevocably lost and deserted, man makes a heroic effort to stem the flames. With wet sacks, with green branches, and with any fire-beater he can lay hands on, he thrashes at the advancing fire in an attempt to beat it back. Sometimes he is successful, sometimes the fire drives him steadily back.

If you watch the advance of a bush fire you will see the animals flying in terror, rabbits, foxes, opossums taking no notice of one another, but heading desperately for safety.

At one of the recent fires a fire-fighter noticed an opossum overcome by the smoke. It had been trying to get out of reach of the flames, but the speed of the fire was too great for it. Forcing his way into the smoke and the advancing flames the man picked the opossum up in his arms, laid it on the sack with which he had been beating the flames, and carried it to safety. Out of the smoke the opossum revived, and was presently seen scurrying through the green trees out of reach of danger.

Man and beast, common victims of the fire that brought with it a friendliness that deserves the utmost commendation.



KEEPS YOU FRESH AND ALERT

WRIGLEY'S
on the cricket ground

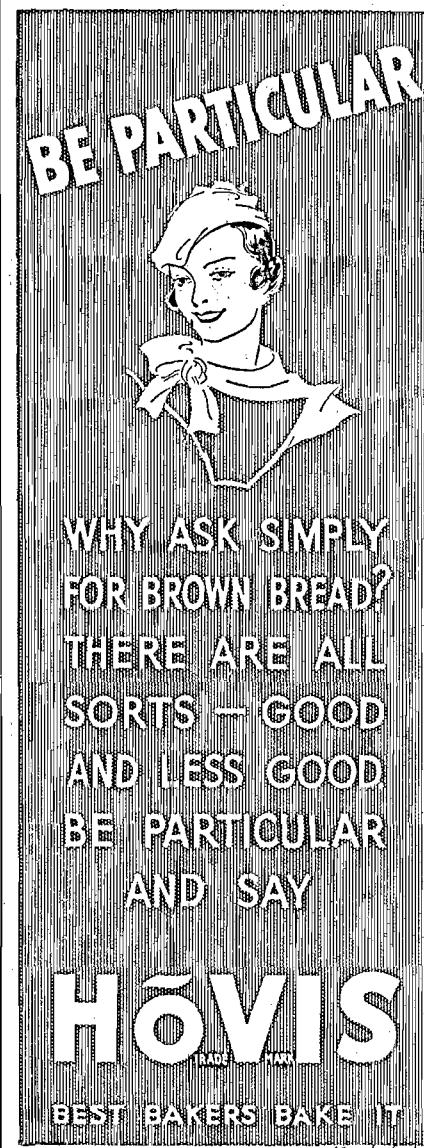
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The Home needs £3,500 a year, and contributions should be sent to the Secretary at the Hospital.

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Miss M. E. Down	2 0 0	F. W. Vane, Esq.	10 6
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Mrs. Clara Smith	2 2 0	Miss A. Charnan	5 0
The Merry-makers' Club	6 0	Shore Phillips Penrose-Pittgerald	5 0
Mrs. and Miss Hatch-Barnwell	5 0	Anon.	6

THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 29

The Truce

NEIL struggled hard, but it was no use for Jupp's whole weight was on him. The man crushed him back against the hard, rough rock.

"If you've got any sense at all you'd better keep quiet," said Jupp viciously.

Neil kept still. It was no use wasting his strength. Another violent struggle was going on close by. Renny had Archie down, but it seemed was having his work cut out to hold him. Archie was big for his age, and, now that he had hardened up, a match for most men.

But Renny, though not tall, was very powerful, and presently had Archie pinned down and unable to move.

"Going to behave yourself, Grant?" he asked in a jeering voice. "I've got to have your promise or else I shall tie you."

Archie remained sullenly silent. Renny looked across at Neil. "What about you, Forsyth? Will you go quietly if you are let up?"

"What do you mean?" Neil asked curtly. He was so sick and savage it was all he could do to speak at all.

"I mean I want your promise you won't fight or bolt? If you'll give that you can get up and carry on as usual."

"How do you know we'll keep it?" Renny grinned.

"I'll take a chance on that."

"And how long for?" Neil demanded.

"Say a week."

Neil hesitated. "What do you say, Archie?"

"Anything you like," said Archie readily. "They've been too smart for us."

"All right, Mr. Renny," said Neil. "Truce for a week."

"You'll be sorry if you let 'em go," growled Jupp. "Much better tie 'em tight."

"And let you do the cooking?" sneered Renny. "Not if I know it. Let Forsyth get up."

Jupp obeyed with a very ill grace, and Neil got to his feet.

"You forgot the launch," Renny said. "One of the floorboards floated up and I fished it out. It made a capital bridge across the gap. I was only waiting to get you out of the way before I used it."

He chuckled and Neil bit his lip. All his precaution had gone for nothing. Renny went on.

"As I said before, we're all in the same box and we have to make the best of it. You boys seem to have made yourselves quite comfortable here and, by the look of your furniture, you must have found plenty of driftwood. I'll ask you to carry on with the housekeeping, Forsyth. How much food have you here?"

There was no use trying to hide anything. Neil showed him.

"But you didn't bring all those tins of meat with you," said Renny shrewdly.

"We got them off a wreck."

"A wreck!" Renny's voice was eager. "Where is it?"

"On the other side of the island. We reached it with a raft."

Neil was not giving away any more than he had to, and he meant to keep the boat secret as long as possible.

"Is there any rigging left on the wreck?" Renny asked.

"Yes," said Neil.

Renny turned to Jupp. "We might rig a shear legs if we could get spars," he said, "and raise the launch. She's not in deep water."

"A fat lot of good she'd be," said Jupp. "We could repair her. She'd float," Renny insisted.

"She'd float," growled Jupp. "She wouldn't go. The magneto's done in with the salt water."

Renny refused to be discouraged. "We could rig a sail. She'd move then."

"I don't know nothing about sails," said Jupp sullenly.

"I guess you're right, Renny," said Duncan, speaking for the first time. "We could get home in her."

Renny looked at Neil.

"Are you game to help, Forsyth?"

"I'd help if I thought you'd take Grant and myself back to the mainland."

"I'll give you my word on that," Renny answered.

Neil looked hard at him and Renny laughed. "I mean it," he said. "We talked of a truce and I meant it. You two play the game and I'll do the same. My promise

is that so long as we are together here on this island we three will do nothing to harm or injure you two. We'll take our share of the work and try to make things comfortable generally."

"And afterwards?" Neil could not help asking.

Renny's lips tightened.

"That's a different story. This agreement is at an end when you and Grant are put ashore in Scotland. Now what do you say about it?"

"I say what you said a while back. We can't help ourselves. What about you, Archie?"

"Anything you say, Neil," Archie answered heavily, and Neil saw that he was taking it very hard indeed. Renny, on the other hand, was pleased.

"I'm glad you're so sensible," he said. "Now we might have something to eat."

Neil set to work to light a fire. He and Archie were both wet through and he felt some hot food would be a good thing. They had brought several tins of coffee from the wreck and he used some to make a pot. Renny was helpful. He set the table. Duncan, who was a tall fellow with a big, beaky nose and a very American voice, simply sat and looked on, while Jupp was equally useless. Neil saw from his expression that he was in a very sulky mood. Renny saw it too, and took a chance of a word aside with Neil.

"Don't you worry about Jupp," he said in a low voice. "He's in a bad temper, but I can handle him. And he's a first-class mechanic, the only one of us who can fix up a way to raise the launch. If we can get stuff from the wreck we'll soon have her above water."

"We'll try," said Neil briefly. What was bothering him was the fact that they could not get to the wreck without the boat, for they had not bothered to bring the raft back. He waited till he could speak to Archie without being overheard and told him his dilemma.

"Do you want them to use the boat?" Archie asked.

JACKO STARTS TOO SOON

MOTHER JACKO made very good cakes. At least, so Jacko thought.

He was passing the larder one day when he noticed a lovely dish of them, hot, just out of the oven.

"Can I have one, Mater?" he begged.

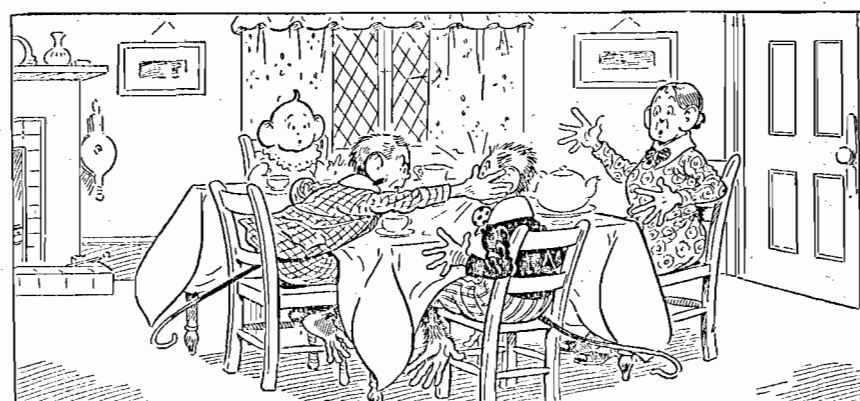
"At tea-time," said Mother Jacko.

"Mater's getting stingy," grumbled Jacko, as he wandered out of the house.

The cakes were delicious! They melted like snow in his mouth. He went back for more. . . .

When he came in for his tea, some hours later, there was no Working Party to be seen, but, to his surprise, seated at the table with his mother and the baby was his friend Chimp!

Jacko could hardly believe his eyes.



He went for Jacko hammer and tongs

"I suppose that means the Old Frumps are coming to tea."

It was Mother Jacko's Working Party day—a day that Jacko hated.

But out in the lane he found Chimp waiting for him and promptly cheered up.

The two boys spent the morning on the towing-path by the river, and it was well past dinner-time when Jacko got home again.

He ate a very good dinner; but he must have been uncommonly hungry that day, for as he passed the larder once more he looked longingly at the pile of sugary cakes lying on the top shelf.

He put up a hand, grabbed a good handful of them and ran off.

"A little surprise for you, Jacko," smiled his mother. "The Working Party has been put off; and as I had so many cakes that I didn't know what to do with them I telephoned to Chimp to help us out."

Jacko turned pale.

"But when I went to the larder," continued Mother Jacko, "the dish was empty. Someone had been there first!"

Chimp was staring hard at Jacko. Suddenly he jumped up.

"You little pig!" he cried, and he went for Jacko hammer and tongs.

Mother Jacko, thinking Jacko deserved it, got up quietly and left them to fight it out.

"I can see them easy enough," Jupp answered. "It's the blocks and tackle will be the trouble. I'll go forrard and have a look in the carpenter's stores."

Neil smiled to himself. Jupp wanted a chance to explore. He decided to watch the man. Could he know anything of the money?

"I'll collect the rest of the food," Neil said, and went toward the galley.

Renny got busy with the rigging. Neil waited until Renny's back was turned, then slipped quietly below.

Sure enough, Jupp was in the captain's cabin. Neil could hear him pulling out drawers. Neil crept cautiously into the cabin opposite and hid behind the door. It was risky, but he had to chance it, for he felt he must find out what the man was after. He could hear Jupp talking softly to himself; then he caught words.

"Grier said the box was here. I'll lay those brats have found and hid it."

Neil smiled. He kept very quiet and waited, hoping it would not occur to Jupp to enter this cabin where he was hidden. He heard Jupp putting back the drawers he had pulled out; then the man came out, and Neil held his breath as Jupp stood still in the passage. He was intensely relieved when the fellow went on forward, and, waiting only until he was out of sight, Neil slipped out of his cabin and hurried back up the companion.

He stripped off, went down into the lazarette and got the rest of the tins. He also got four more blankets and a quantity of other useful odds and ends. Jupp came up with coils of rope and some large blocks, and by this time Renny had the three spars that were wanted. These were lashed together and lowered into the water; then the other stuff was loaded into the dinghy and, towing the spars, they started back toward the cove. The spars were heavy and made the pulling hard, but fortunately the sea was still smooth and they got slowly back.

The first thing Neil noticed, when he reached the cave, was that Archie had a black eye; the next that Duncan had a pair. Renny saw it too, but made no remark. Archie was in much better spirits than a few hours earlier.

When the weather was fine they did their cooking on a fireplace built of stones outside the cave. It was while Neil was making the fire to cook supper that he got his first chance of a word with Archie.

"Did you lick him?" he asked in a whisper.

"I licked him all right," said Archie briefly. "He was slacking round and I told him to help me to cut wood. He said he wasn't there to cut wood, and made a few remarks about my sinking the launch. So then it started."

He chuckled softly. Neil laughed too.

"Good for you, Archie! It's just what he wanted. He won't be so bumptious next time." He looked round. "Jupp knows the Anita, and he knows there was money in her."

"But he can't find it," Archie whispered. "I'm not so sure. You know I hid it in a crevice at the back of the cave. It's just where he might think I'd put it."

"Then you'll have to shift it."

"Hush, here's Renny," whispered Neil.

"We've done well today," said Renny cheerfully. "Jupp says we ought to be able to rig the shears tomorrow and raise the launch next day. If she isn't much damaged we might be off in a week."

"Time, too," said Neil quietly. "This weather isn't going to last very long, and once it breaks we'll have a job to get back to the mainland."

All five slept in the cave and the night passed quietly. Renny had them all up at daybreak, and after breakfast they all went down to the cove and set to erecting the shears for raising the launch. By lunch-time the whole thing was ready.

They ate food they had brought with them and rested a while; then Renny spoke.

"Next thing is to fasten the ropes to the launch. It's a diving job."

Neil would have offered, but to his surprise Duncan stood up.

"Guess I can do that," he said, and began stripping off.

"I'll have a look at her first," he said, and took a beautiful header.

His long body disappeared beneath the surface. The others waited for him to reappear, but the seconds ticked by and nothing happened.

"He's hurt!" cried Renny suddenly.

Neil, bending over, got a glimpse of something white struggling far beneath the surface. Duncan was caught in something. Snatching his knife from his belt, he dived from the ledge.

TO BE CONTINUED

UNCLE ODOL'S PAINTING COMPETITION

PRIZE-WINNERS FOR APRIL

The following boys and girls have been awarded prizes for their excellent work in the April Painting Competition:

BOYS

Ronald Bosley, Urnston.
Herbert Fowler, Bromley.
William Bosley, Urnston.
R. Vernon, Nuffield.
D. Vernon, Nuffield.
Robin Higham, London.
W.L.

Harold Smith, Birmingham G.
Derek Woolrich, Hartford.
Richard King, Esher.
Glanville Daniels, Swansea.
William Chatterton, Smethwick.

GIRLS

Margaret Storr, Bristol G.
Marie Collinson, Birmingham.
Eva Merryweather, Whiscombe Station.
Biddy Muirhead, Edinburgh G.
Pearl Temple, Tadworth.
Bessie Hine, Sandon.
Alicia Baguley, Little Hulton.
Stella Seaman, Guestwick.
Violet Merryweather, Whiscombe Station.
Joan Hornsby, Highgate, N.19.

Winifred Evans, Manchester.
Gwendoline Joyce, Kempston.
Mary Cole, Exeter.
Sylvia Belsten, Bristol.
Margaret Anderson, Malden.
Beryl Rendle, nr. Cornwood.
Elizabeth Newlove, Scarborough.
Irene Brown, Sandgate.
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May Harris, Langport.

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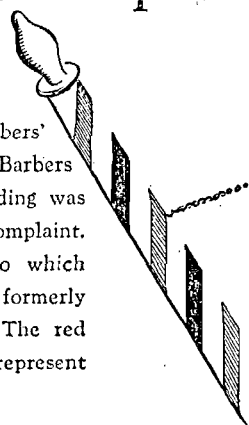
Why a kite flies?

A kite can fly only because air has a great power of holding things up. When the kite is spread out there is a wide surface under which the air can come and then hold it up. But the kite flies, not only because it presents a large surface to the air, but also because it is slanted in such a way that the wind pressure forces it to rise. If the wind pressure is not strong enough, we run and pull the kite's surface against the wind, thus increasing the pressure and causing the kite to rise.



Why the barber's pole is striped?

The pole which you see outside barbers' shops is a relic of olden days. Barbers used to act as surgeons, and bleeding was a common remedy for almost any complaint. The pole represents the splint to which the patient's arm was bound, and formerly a basin was suspended from it. The red and white stripes round the pole represent the bandages employed.



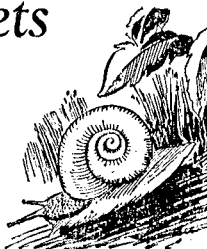
Why tailors' thimbles have no tops?

The reason why thimbles usually have tops is because in ordinary sewing the tip of the finger is used to push the needle through the material. But tailors sew through such thick material that they have to use the side of the thimble to drive the needle; so their thimbles need no tops.



How a snail gets its shell?

The snail makes its shell from its own skin in much the same way as, for instance, we grow our finger nails. If we look carefully at the snail's skin we can see how its outside cells are specially made so that they gradually get harder and harder, until they cannot be called skin at all—they have become shell. The same gradual change from soft skin to horns can be seen in such animals as the deer or the goat.



How the milk gets into Cadburys milk chocolate?

Actually a glass and a half of milk is used in making every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. And this is how it gets there. First

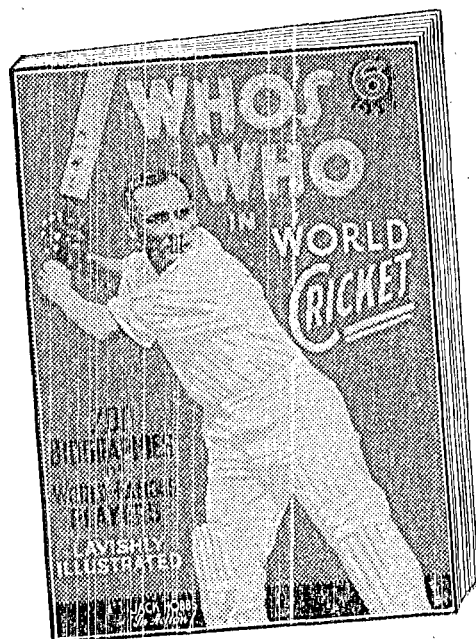
of all, Cadburys collect every day from hundreds of farms the fresh full-cream dairy milk. Then the water is driven off from the milk, leaving all the goodness and nourishment. This rich milk is then mixed with the chocolate—you can see the mixing machine in the picture. Then the chocolate is moulded into blocks, wrapped by machines and packed at the wonderful factory at Bournville, and finally reaches your sweetshop. So now you know that when you eat a piece of Cadburys Milk Chocolate you not only eat delicious chocolate, but you are actually eating creamy milk—quite likely from a farm you saw on your holidays.



Obtainable in 1d. & 2d. bars.

2 oz. block 2d.

4 oz. block 4d.



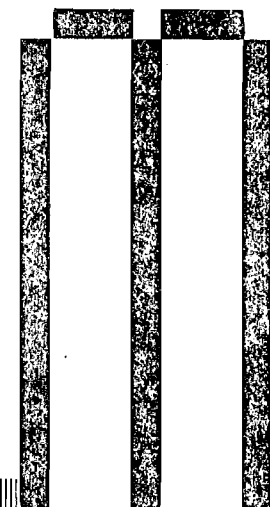
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THE BRAN TUB

A Deal in Cameras

A SHOPKEEPER bought a number of cameras for which he paid £12 10s. He began to sell them at a price which showed a profit of half-a-crown each. When he had five cameras left he had received back all the money he originally spent on them. How many did he buy and what did he charge for them?

Answer next week

A Great Frenchman

THIS year France is honouring the centenary of the death of Joseph Jacquard, the silk-weaver of Lyons, who invented the loom that revolutionised the weaving industry. The workers resented its introduction, eventually the loom was acquired for the nation, and Napoleon granted the inventor a pension. This 40-centime stamp bears Jacquard's portrait.



Built-Up Word

IF to five you join six and one-eighth of eighteen, You'll see what in blockheads has never been seen. Answer next week

Highest Houses in England

WHICH are the highest inhabited dwelling-places in England? The honour is claimed by two houses, Tan Hill House and Grouse House, both in Yorkshire on the Pennine Range. The point as to which house is really the most elevated has never been settled, and probably there is only a difference of a few feet between them. Certainly both are more than 1700 feet above sea-level. At this altitude there is often snow when it is quite warm in the country below.

Strange Telegram

WHAT is remarkable about this telegram?

Fix V doz. black qt. jugs.

Wm. Pherry.

It will be seen that it is composed of the letters of the alphabet, each used once only.

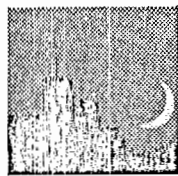
Railway Town

MANY of the streets of Swindon are named after famous Great Western railwaymen or places on the system.

There are streets named after Brunel, the first engineer; Gooch and Emlyn, past chairmen; Armstrong and Dean, locomotive engineers; London, Reading, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Exeter, and so on.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South and Neptune is in the South-West. In the morning Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on May 16.



What Are They?

A MAN made shoes, but not of leather, All the four elements mixed together: Fire, water, earth, and air. Every customer took two pair.

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE swift and spotted flycatcher are first seen. The willow warbler, nightingale, yellowhammer, lesser whitethroat, blackcap, tree pipit, and goldfinch lay their eggs. The long-tailed tit hatches its eggs. Young chaffinches and starlings are fledged. The dingy-skipper butterfly, dot moth, scorpion fly, cockchafer, midge, and mayfly are seen. The columbine, lily-of-the-valley, Solomon's seal, crowfoot, Star of Bethlehem, tormentil, buckbean, holly, and silver weed come into blossom.

A Charade

HARMFUL and sore is the bite of my first, Sweet is my third if it's only reversed, My second you surely will find in the ant, My whole is the name of an esculent plant. Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La côte Le berger Le crible
Shore Shepherd Sieve
Cette côte paraît inhospitalière. Les moutons suivent leur berger. Le crible sert à trier le grain.

Seeing the Sea

STANDING on the beach with our eyes five feet above sea-level the horizon is just over three miles away. Standing on a cliff 100 feet high the distance is increased to just over 14 miles.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Curious Word. Moor—room

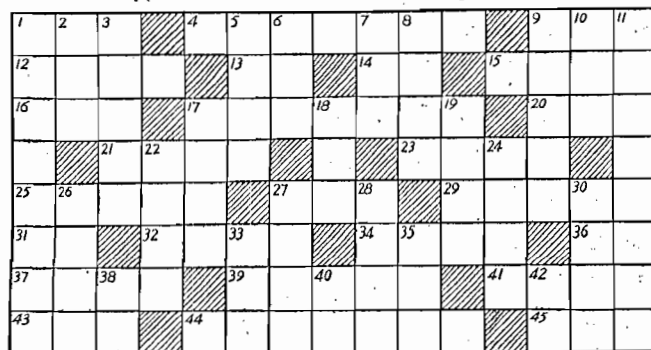
Riddle in Rhyme. Tennyson

Tangled Vegetables

Radish, potato, celery, lettuce, parsnip, spinach, asparagus, artichoke, cucumber, cauliflower.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A noise. 4. Mineral pitch. 9. Fluid which circulates in plants. 12. Sour. 13. Early English.* 14. Behold. 15. Large vessel for holding water. 16. Reward for services. 17. A branch of mathematics. 20. Shelter from the wind. 21. A summons. 23. Sound returned. 25. Spreads. 27. The summit. 29. Melodies. 31. To accomplish. 32. Soft mud. 34. To eject. 36. French for the. 37. The commonest metal. 39. Culinary vegetable of the lily family. 41. To bridge. 43. Allow. 44. Spotted. 45. A busy insect.

Reading Down. 1. Gay spring flower. 2. Solid water. 3. A brother's daughter. 5. Exchange something for money. 6. Pin on which to hang something. 7. A clerical vestment. 8. Knowledge. 9. A reception apartment. 10. Devoured. 11. Well-known game bird. 17. In like manner. 18. Self. 19. Plays. 22. Later. 24. Cabins. 26. To examine with perseverance. 27. A desert dwelling. 28. A bathing-place. 30. Ardour inspired by enthusiasm. 33. Place where wild animals are exhibited. 35. French for an. 38. Old Testament.* 40. Pronoun. 42. Child's name for Father.

Dr MERRYMAN

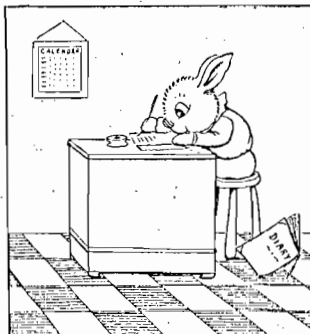
Correct

TEACHER: Where is the elephant found?
Jack (caught unawares): Er, er, the elephant is such a big animal that it is seldom, if ever, lost.

Saving Space

MOTHER and Father had just returned from their first visit to the Newlyweds.
"I hear their house is very tiny," said an old friend.
"Tiny?" echoed Father. "I should say it is. Why, the kitchen is so small that they are compelled to use condensed milk, and when they want to read the newspaper they must go out into the garden."

Book or Shop?



BUNNY kept a diary, But Bunny could not spell; So when he wrote to tell his friends They thought he'd milk to sell. It's a word for the unwary— He wrote: I keep a dairy.

His Family Tree

BILL: You do remind me of a very famous man, Tom.
Tom: Thanks very much. Who is he?
Bill: Charles Darwin.

A Long Wait

AFTER a long interval the waiter returned with the order.
"Are you the young man who took my order?" the would-be diner asked him.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"My word, how you have grown!"

Impossible

TWO critics were leaving a theatre after a first-night performance.
"Really, old chap," said A, "I'm surprised the audience didn't hiss the play."
"Well," replied B, "one can't yawn and hiss at the same time."



"Cough please,"
"I can't Doctor, I've just had an 'Allenburys' Pastille"

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3



Which hand will you have?

Is it in the left hand—
Is it in the right—
This jolly Blue Bird Toffee
The sweet of our delight?
Why, of course, you guessed it!
Blue Bird's always right.

BLUE BIRD
TOFFEES
4^D. per 1/4 lb.

Take the Home Sweet Home
HARRY VINCENT LTD., HUNNINGTON, WORCESTERSHIRE

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

IT was a long time since Robbie had had so much as sixpence to spend. He dropped the coin into his pocket and skipped merrily off to Mrs Beam's little sweet-shop. He would have plenty of sweets to share with all his friends that afternoon.

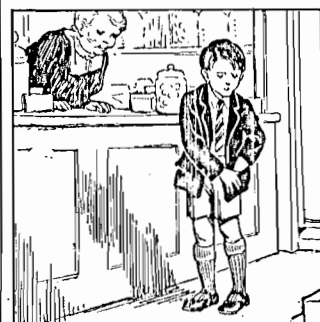
But when he entered the shop and felt for his money it had gone!

Kind old Mrs Beam looked really sorry for Robbie when she saw the downcast look on his face.

"I expect you jumped it out of your pocket when you skipped along the road, Master Robbie," she told him. "You are sure to find it if you look hard enough, so cheer up!"

Back went poor Robbie, retracing his steps along the

road and peering intently at the gravel. Once his heart bounded joyfully as something glittered, but it was



The money had gone

only a small piece of glass that caught the light. At last he gave up the search.

Things did not go as smoothly as they might have done at school that after-

noon. Perhaps it was because Robbie kept thinking of the lovely sweets he could have passed round but for the lost sixpence.

"I will have another look for it on my way home," he said to himself.

So it happened that Robbie was walking along with his eyes so fixed on the ground that he had no time to get out of the way of a big dog which jumped playfully up at him and caught its teeth in Robbie's coat.

Poor Robbie was indeed in trouble when he reached home. "I've lost my sixpence, I couldn't do my sums, and I've torn my coat, Mother," he said mournfully.

"What a chapter of accidents!" his mother ex-

ROBBIE'S LOST SIXPENCE

claimed. "Never mind! I will soon mend the coat, and I expect Daddy will help you with your sums when he comes home!"

The sums were nearly finished and Mother was mending the tear when suddenly she cried: "Robbie, come and feel your coat!"

Robbie jumped up and rubbed his fingers over a small flat circle inside the lining at the bottom of his coat.

"My sixpence!" he cried, his eyes shining. "But how did it get down there?"

"I found a small slit in the seam of your pocket lining," his mother explained. "Pennies or halfpennies would be too big to lose, but the little sixpence fell through, and here it is between the lining."